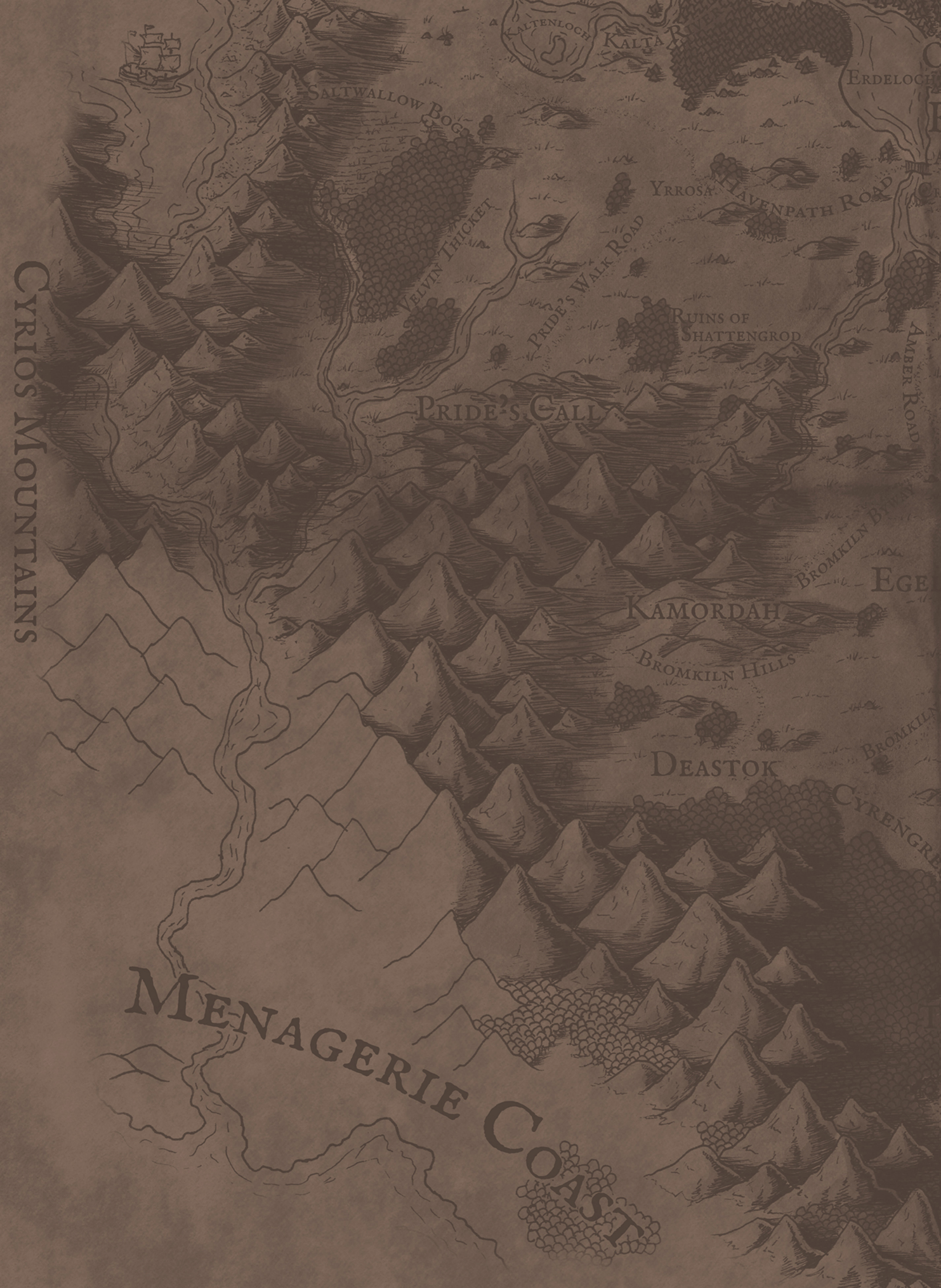
CRITICAL ROLE

THE CHRONICLES OF EXANDRIA™

THE MIGHTY NEIN


Kaltenloch
Kalta R.
Erdeloch
Saltwallow Bog
Yrrosa
Havenpath Road
Velvin Thicket
Pride's Walk Road
Ruins of Shattengrod
Amber Road
Cyrios Mountains
Pride's Call
Bromkiln B
Ege
Kamordah
Bromkiln Hills
Bromkiln
Deastok
Cyrengri
Menagerie Coast

Nogvurot
Grimgolir
Druvenlode
Crispvale Roadway
Silberquel Ridge
Hupperdook
Glory Run
Rockguard Garrison
Lebenda Swamp
Ounterloch
Bladegarden
Berleben
Ashguard Garrison
Felderwin Tillage
Zadash
Talonstadt
Felderwin
Eisfus River
Rillway Road
Alfield
Eisfus River
Ashkeeper Peaks
Xhorhas
Ustaloch
The Wuyun Gates
The Dwendalian Empire

The Chronicles of
EXANDRIA

The Mighty Nein

CRITICAL ROLE

THE CHRONICLES OF EXANDRIA™

THE MIGHTY NEIN

A collection of highlights from
the Journal of Expositor Beauregard Lionett,
an open eye of the Cobalt Soul, as she travels amongst
the citizens of the Empire and beyond.
Annotated by the librarians of the Cobalt Soul,
with artistic embellishments collected
from witness accounts across the Empire.

FOR ARCHIVAL IN THE PANDECTĒS COSMICA ONLY.
NOT FOR PUBLIC CIRCULATION.

Welcome, junior archivists, and thank you again for your hard work. I feel this volume will be a fine addition to the Pandectes, and I look forward to your revisions based on my notes.

—Archivist Zeenoth

Foreword

As we embarked on our latest journey, you were there.

From the very first step.

With the wind at our backs and new lands beckoning from across the sea, you set out with us in search of fresh adventure.

And while our course was unfamiliar, our companions were true. We charted foreign shores, side by side. Rounded every bend in the road together. Wandered beneath these moons as one.

We knew in our bones another tale lay waiting.

We had but to discover it.

As always, we are richer for your company.

For truly, what good are stories unless they can be shared?

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The Storyteller

Every story, from the battles that shake the continents
to the most intimate of moments, is born from deeds.
A story walks the land through the songs and tales of those
who are touched by its heart.
And then one day, long after all the players
within have met the Matron,
a story will be told for the very last time.
Unless, by the Grace of the Storyteller, we are led to it.
It is through Ioun's will that we seek out these stories.
It is through Her sight that we may know these stories.
It is through the tools She grants us that we record
what we have come to know.
A story in our charge shall never die, merely sleep within pages.
This is how we give our thanks to the Storyteller,
who holds the power to bend the will of the gods themselves.
Through Ioun's blessing we make his favorite children immortal.
You hold one of them in your hands even now.
Wake it carefully.

JORIC

Impressions of Beauregard Lionett

What you now behold is one book out of many. A diary, a journal, the recorded learnings of monks in the world at large. These volumes exist to form a sense of the world outside, a historical diary of the day-to-day trials of existence. A primary source for those who seek to study the past as it was. This is one such journal.

Though nobody on staff has actually made the acquaintance of one Beauregard Lionett, we can say that we have heard much about the writer of this journal from several others within the Cobalt Soul. It is easier to interpret the writings from our various Expositors when we have some grasp of the individual's personality, and according to Beauregard's teachers, "personality" seems to be one of her strong traits.

Beauregard's past is one of privilege, but her home life was not, by her account, the warmest. She and her father, Thoreau, had conflicting ideas about the future of the family winery, and how they should conduct business. The more restraints he executed, the more she lashed out. She began engaging in acts of petty crime, learning secrets within her hometown of Kamordah and using them to her advantage. Beauregard began accruing more contacts within the criminal world, and when she was finally arrested, her father contacted the Cobalt Soul. The monks who came for her recalled that in their last moments together her father referred to Beauregard as "his misfortune."

I feel obligated to mention that Thoreau Lionett has been a very good friend to the Archive. Perhaps a bit of discretion could be exercised by the junior archivists?

Also, PLEASE arrange a proper interview with Expositor Dairon before the volume goes to print.

—Zeenoth

This declaration seemed to ignite a new fire of disrespect within Beauregard, even as our monks took to the challenge of taming her and of strengthening her keen mind and natural physical prowess. Her rebellion did not sit well with most, and her interactions with many in the order have typically left much to be desired. Unsurprisingly, few were upset to learn that she had run away. Her primary teacher, Archivist Zeenoth, had this to say:

"Never in my years at the Cobalt Soul have I had a student as stubborn and willful, or as flagrantly disrespectful. Beauregard does not seem to understand the concept of order or rules, and her lack of direction is compounded by her distaste for discipline in all its forms."

Despite Zeenoth's misgivings, the combination of Beauregard's raw potential and attitude were enough to attract the attention of Expositor Dairon. Since Zeenoth had failed to convince Beauregard to return, Dairon elected to take over her training in its entirety.

This journal has served as insight into Beauregard's viewpoint during her travels throughout the Empire and the Menagerie Coast. Zeenoth's impressions of her certainly hold weight, as her entries are rife with attitude and derision for the world around her. She is aggressive, stubborn, and quick to judgement and anger. These traits make it difficult to ascertain the bias of her words, as she clearly has issues of her own that cloud her judgement, likely stemming from the home life that led to her joining us in the monastery in the first place.

But it is also clear that Dairon was right to put trust in her. She has a keen eye for the workings of the world, and her insights are valuable. She is willing to get her hands dirty, and unafraid to call out injustice. Beauregard is clever, and that cleverness leads her to make connections that others might miss. It seems that the original instincts of the monks were correct: Beauregard's innate abilities in the field of intrigue could be strengthened, honed, and put to good use. She is also quite an exceptional note taker, and we've been genuinely impressed by the amount of color coding in her journal.

The people she has surrounded herself with are interestingly varied, and Beauregard has done a fine job of recording her assessment of these vastly different characters and their views of the world. While it is difficult to say how actively useful Beauregard's writings will prove to be in the future, it is at least a blessing that her style is generally fairly witty, and has caused several librarians to chuckle as they pass the time. For that, at least, we thank her.

@PLANARBINDINGS

babs

NH

HELP WANTED
PAID
MANUAL LABOR

@Takayuuki_art

Impressions of Mollymauk Tealeaf

Before we delve into our notes on this particular traveling companion, we should begin by stating that the history of any group of people without roots is frustratingly difficult to pin down. Given the limited resources available to us, we have been able to find less than a dozen[1] documents within the Empire that mention Mollymauk Tealeaf before his first encounter with Beauregard in Trostenwald[2]. As is the case with many of the people we came to know in this journal, our first impressions often proved unreliable. –*CS*

"The Circus[3] Tiefling (Molly) is not that bright, definitely drunk, completely full of shit, and not nearly as good of a liar as he thinks he is. His outfit is loud, far louder than the man himself. His coat is covered in iconography from at least half a dozen gods[4]. Maybe if you're gonna stick out no matter what, noise is the easiest camouflage? The swords are interesting[5]; I've come across Molly several times performing a morning ritual with them. Perhaps he's on the run from a family of Warlocks? –*BL*

Despite this veneer of shiftiness, Mollymauk displayed an intense loyalty toward his companions and kindness to strangers as they traveled across the Empire, eventually leading to a particularly close bond with Beauregard. –*CS*

"I think Molly and I got trashed last night and invented the Empire's best drinking game." –*BL*

"What is Skein[6], how did Molly convince me to take it, and what are its effects beyond cottonmouth and making you talk about your childhood?" –*BL*

A complete listing of the circumlocutious half-truths and deceptions put forward by Mollymauk Tealeaf would only serve to confuse the reader. We therefore present the following, which is the closest estimation of the truth Beauregard managed to assemble. –*CS*

"Molly claimed that he had crawled out of a grave with no memory of who he was or how he got there. The only clues to his previous life were the scars across his chest and nine red eye tattoos covering his body. When he eventually found help, the only word he was capable of speaking was 'empty.' Picked up by the circus, he was given the name M.T. and started to *VERY* quickly come back around." –*BL*

If this story is to be believed, then Mollymauk would have had to accomplish an incredible number of things in just two years[7]. It's a testament to his bombastic personality that this is the most level-headed and reasonable theory of his origins put forward to date[8]. –*CS*

1. Including one very odd report out of Talonstadt.

2. Trostenwald is a small farming community found in the Marrow Valley along the Amber Road. It is most notable for its abundance of breweries.

I'm a fan of von Brandt, myself. –Z

3. The Fletchling and Moondrop Traveling Carnival of Curiosities. See page 37.

4. We have records of Mollymauk falsely claiming fidelity to the Platinum Dragon, the Light Bringer, and even the Spiderqueen.

5. The swords were, in fact, just swords.

6. Skein is in fact a fungus, used mostly in potions for seeing into the ethereal plane. We can't imagine Beauregard's experience with it was particularly pleasant.

7. Mollymauk would have traveled with the circus, relearned to speak both Common and Infernal, learned to perform his skills and duties, covered his tattoos in an elaborate set of new tattoos, befriended Yasha Nydoorin, and discovered his innate magical ability to use his blood to infuse weapons with magical power.

8. Further thoughts on the more complex nature of Molly's past and his eventual fate are best discussed deeper into the text.

Very sloppy research, nearly all rumors unsubstantiated. We will be discussing revisions. ~Z

I feel more research is necessary on the tattoo iconography. Beauregard made it clear that this tattoo was partially covered by Mollymauk's hair. Perhaps another round of research looking for portrait matches? –Z

FS'18

FLETCHING &
TRAVELING CARNIVAL
"THROUGH SERPENT AND FLAME WE DANCE"
THE ELDERLY AND INFIRM WILL NOT BE ADMITTED TO THE BIG TOP

MOONDROP
... OF CURIOSITIES
VOICES RAISED, WE ENCHANT THE NIGHT
NO
WEAPONS

Caleb's Book Collection

A partial list of books that Caleb Widogast has collected/expressed interest in:

Theories Behind the Ice Fields and the Underreaches of Eiselcross

Public debate records of the Forum of Zeidel

The journal of Captain Avantika

The Daring Trials and Tribulations of Sir Taryon Darrington

The journal of Siff Dunthar

General interests include history/magic/smut

Hireling, a History of Nicodranas

The Salty Sea

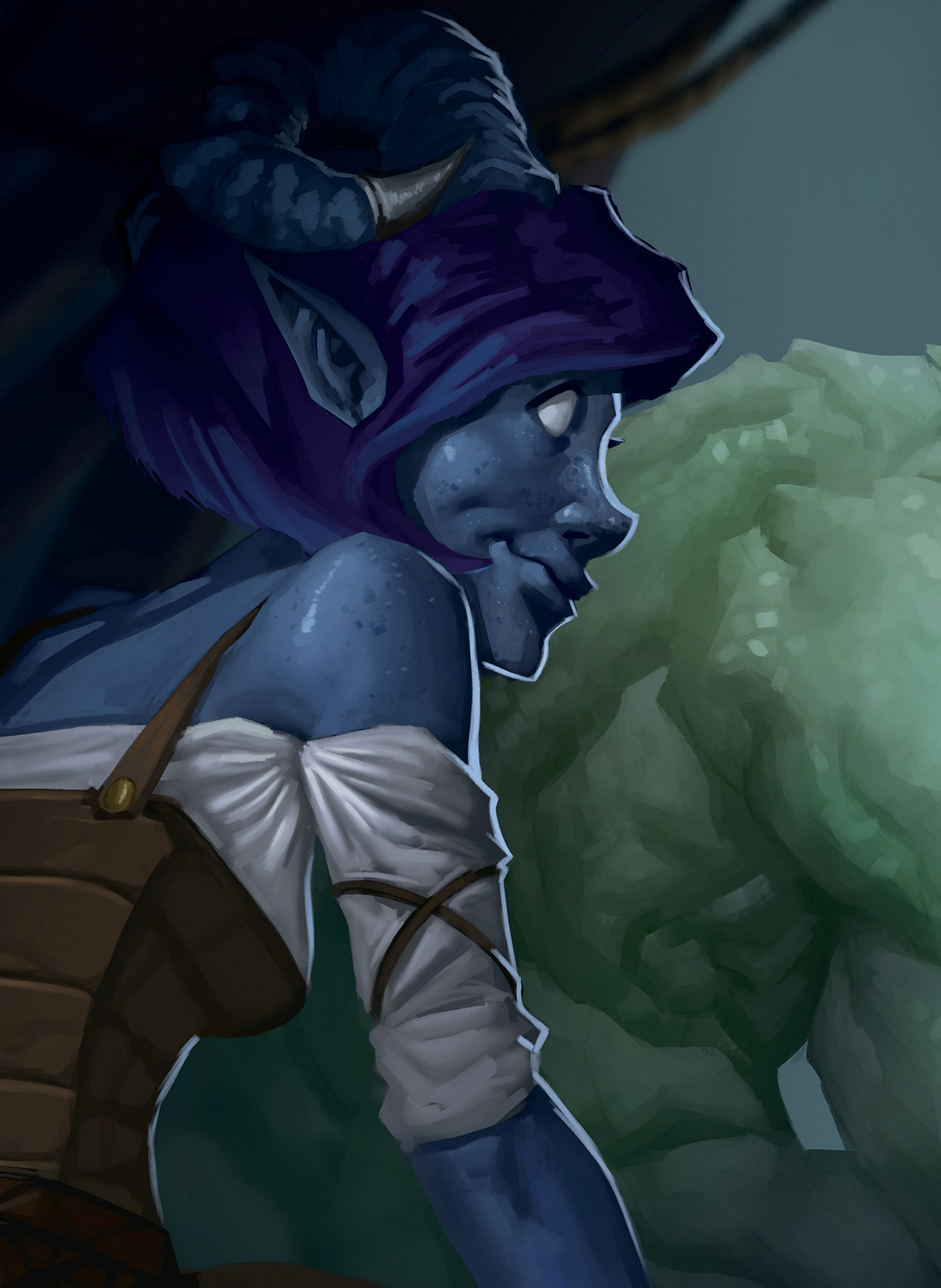
The Fiends of Folklore

Tusk Love

The Courting of the Crick

~~"Two personal spellbooks"~~ —BL

"Not so sure on these anymore. One is a spellbook, but he never even opens the other. Maybe some kind of journal?" —BL



Notes on the Fletching and Moondrop

The Victim:
Enon Brimjay Retired handyman. Mid-80s, seemed in good health before the attack.

The Suspects:
~~**Gustav Fletching**~~ Half-elf, late 50s–Ringmaster, seems to be in charge. Considers Molly "family"? Definitely hiding something.

~~**Toya "The Vivid Voice"**~~ Dwarf, 13–Was singing with a magical effect during the attack. The victim seemed to reach toward her. Possibly an accidental victim?

~~**Orrna "The Fire Fairy"**~~ Human, 20s–Fire dancer. Unhappy with Gustav's leadership. Willing to kill for it?

~~**Bo "The Breaker"**~~ Half-orc, 40s–Well put together. I think everyone in this circus hates each other.

~~**Kylre "The Devil Toad"**~~ Lizardfolk, 20s–Doesn't speak much, hard to get a read on. Very strong. Very protective of Toya.

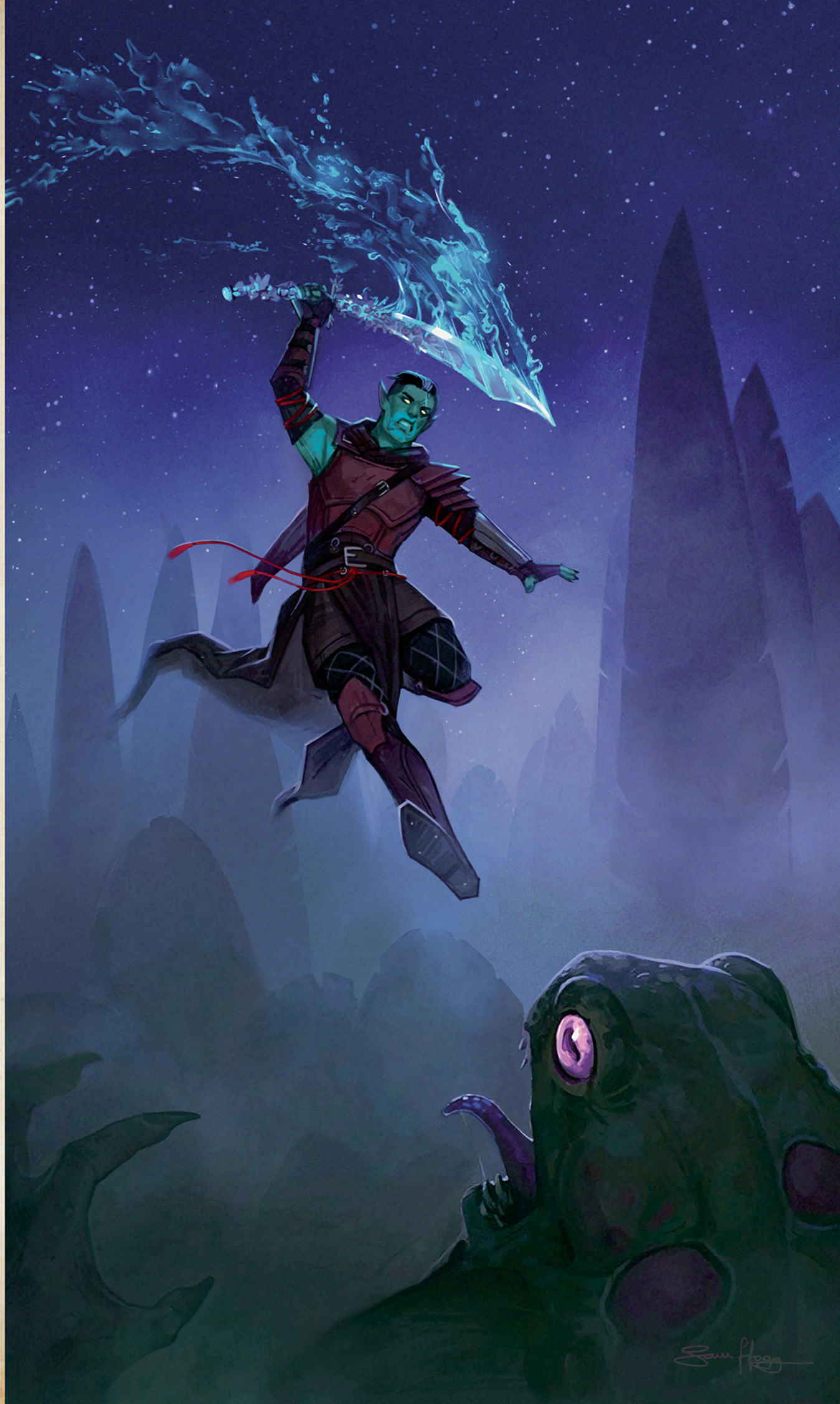
~~**Mona & Yuli "The Knot Sisters"**~~ Halfling sisters, 20s–Secretive. Took off pretty fast. Very suspicious.

~~**Desmond Moondrop "The Fool"**~~ Human, 30s–Never trust a clown.

~~**Molly "The Ice-Spinner"**~~ Tiefling, 20s & ~~**Yasha "The Brute"**~~ Human, 20s–Both seemed surprised and helped defuse the situation, but they're not quite off the list yet.

The culprit, Kylre "The Devil Toad," was in fact a **Nergaliid**, a fiendish creature that lives off the siphoned life energy of others. In some circumstances it can cause a fatal transformation in its victims, leaving them as undead husks capable of spreading their necrotic infection to new victims. –GS

The names and identities of the entire troupe strike me as suspect. Please put further research into the backgrounds of these vagabonds, or leave commentary encouraging others to do so. –Z



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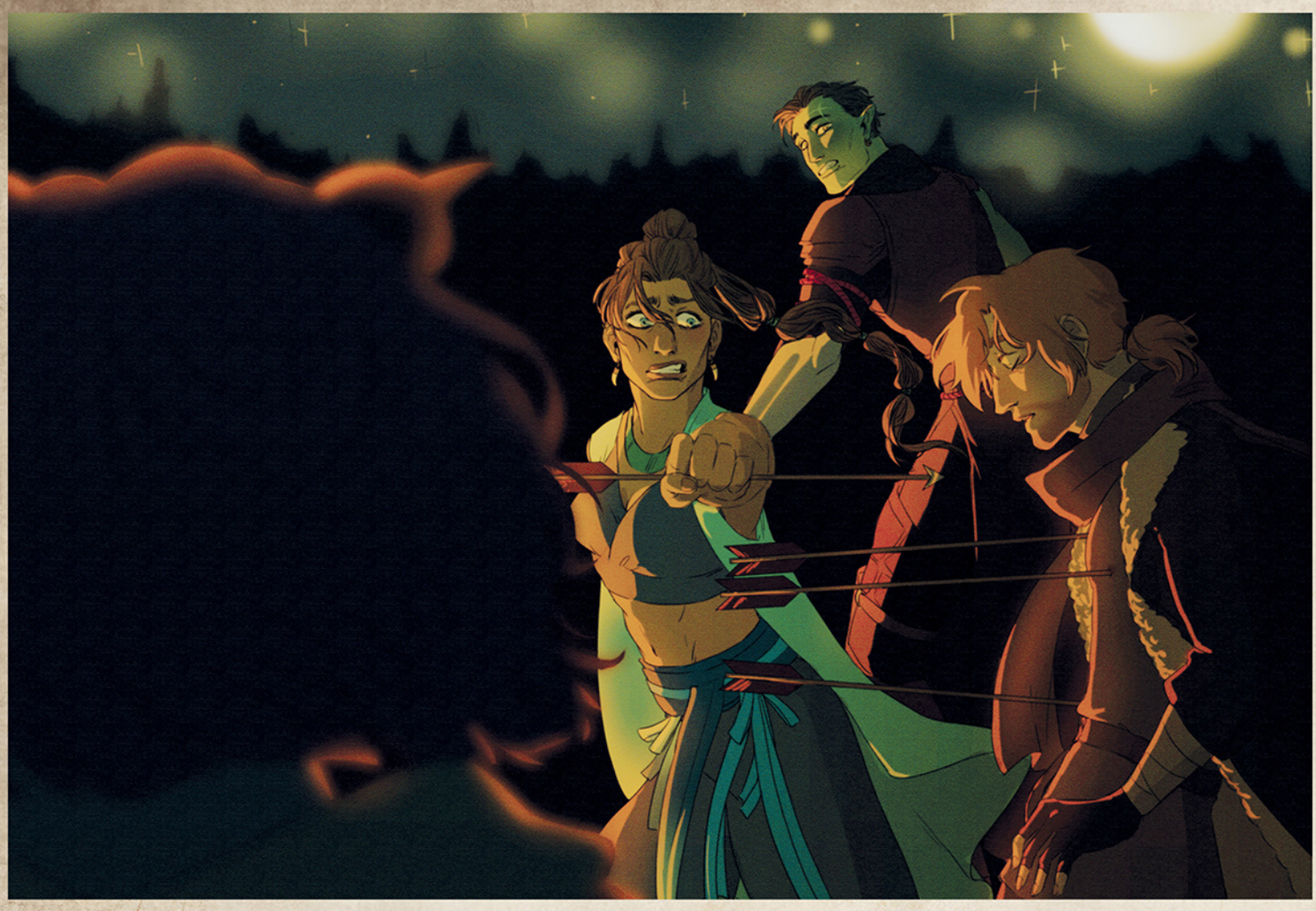
林恩玲



GALACTICJONAH

Impressions of Shakäste

Up until now, the best information we had about the mysterious "Hush" came from a series of novellas published anonymously out of Deastock, which were entitled *Heroic Deeds of the Golden Grin*. These books detail the adventures of many folk heroes who are said to wander Western Wynandir. It has been assumed that most of the stories are fictitious, with occasional kernels of truth[1], but thanks to this encounter in the Rill's Mouth Mines we can now confirm the existence of Hush, and put a name to the legend for the first time: Shakäste. –CS

"As we began to clear Gnolls from the mine outside of Alfield, we were suddenly joined by a man in a green cloak with a very intense hummingbird he referred to as "the Dutchess." He had a real smooth way about him. Didn't panic, was super in control of the situation, ready to help. And even after Nott managed to pickpocket him, he still managed to make that cool. I don't know, it definitely has me thinking. Also, that bird was awesome. I gotta get a bird." –RL

Thanks to this journal, we now also have a clearer picture of the sorts of power this vigilante cleric possesses. He displayed a mystical connection to his hummingbird "the Dutchess," and the ability to cast thunderwave. Thanks to a later encounter, we also have notes on a very strange spiritual weapon he possesses. –CS

"We were lucky enough to find even more extra help. On top of Caduceus and Keg, it turned out that Shakäste had also been captured by the Iron Shepherds. He joined the battle and summoned this weird glowing giant woman with a glowing head, named Nefertiti[2]."

1. This is hardly the first time an Expositor has reported an encounter with someone mentioned in these novellas.

2. We have no idea what this might be.

It is unclear from Beauregard's notes as to what deity he draws his power. Unlikely to be one of the approved deities due to his vigilantism. –Z

GALACTICJONAH

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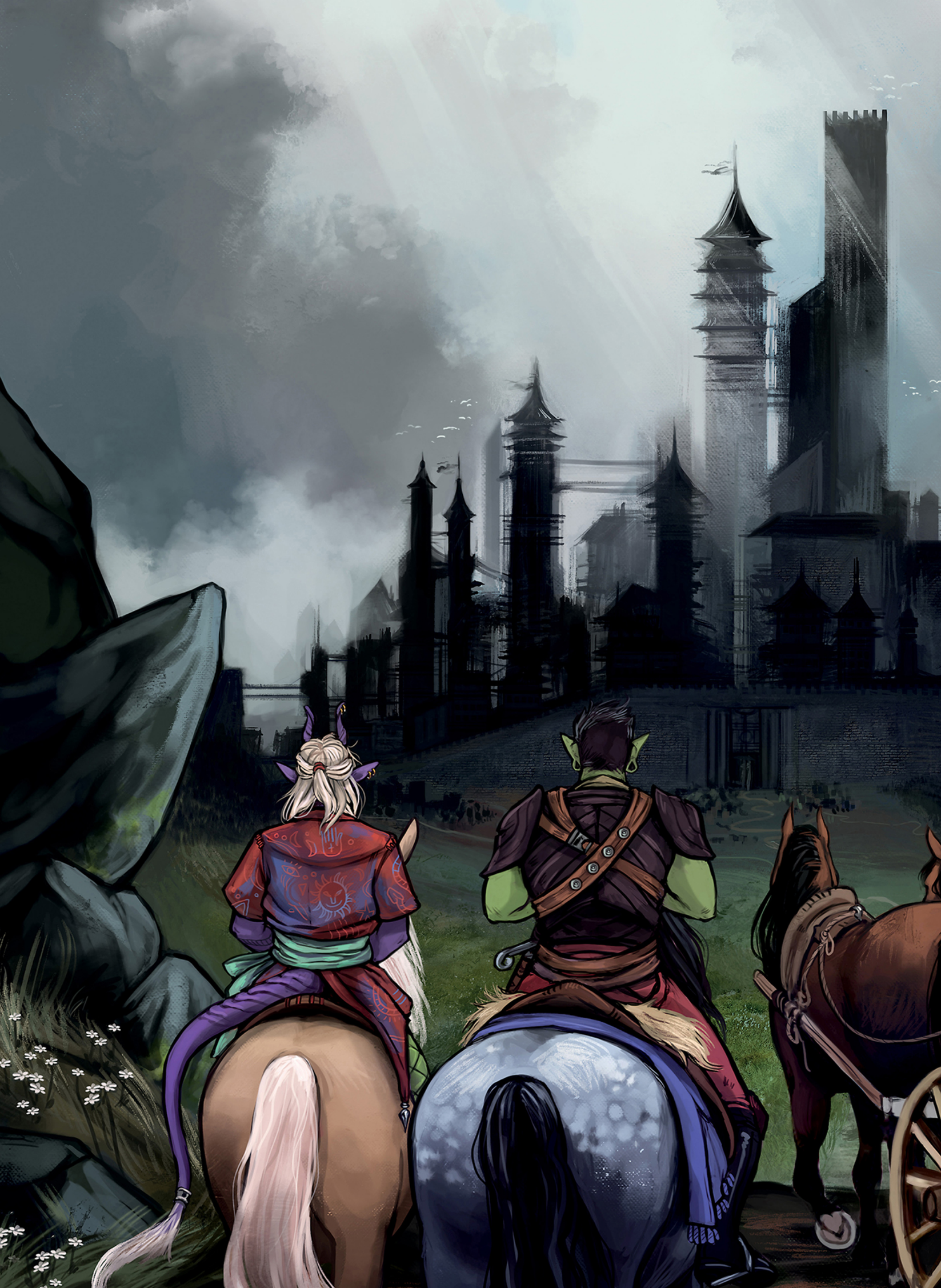
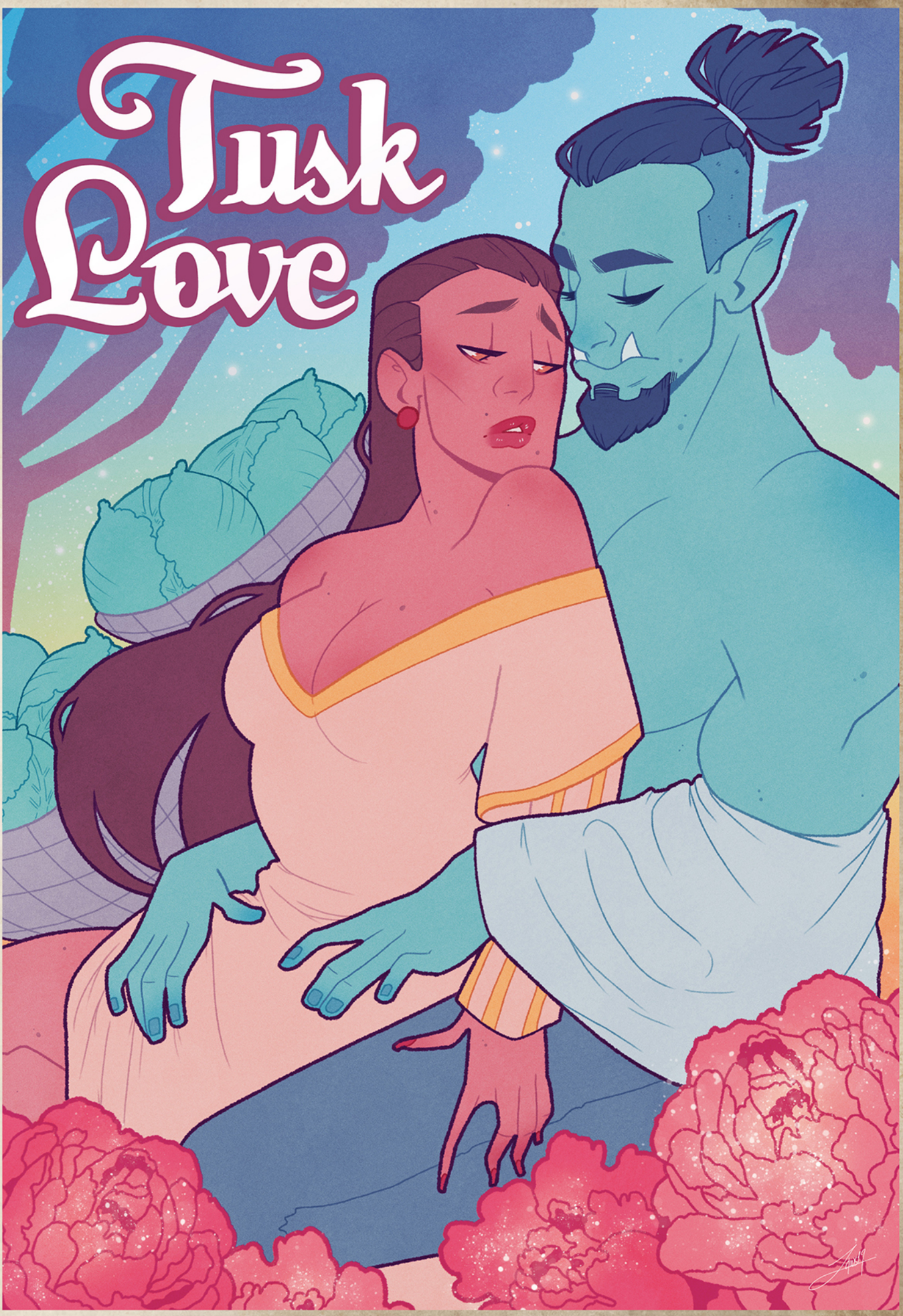
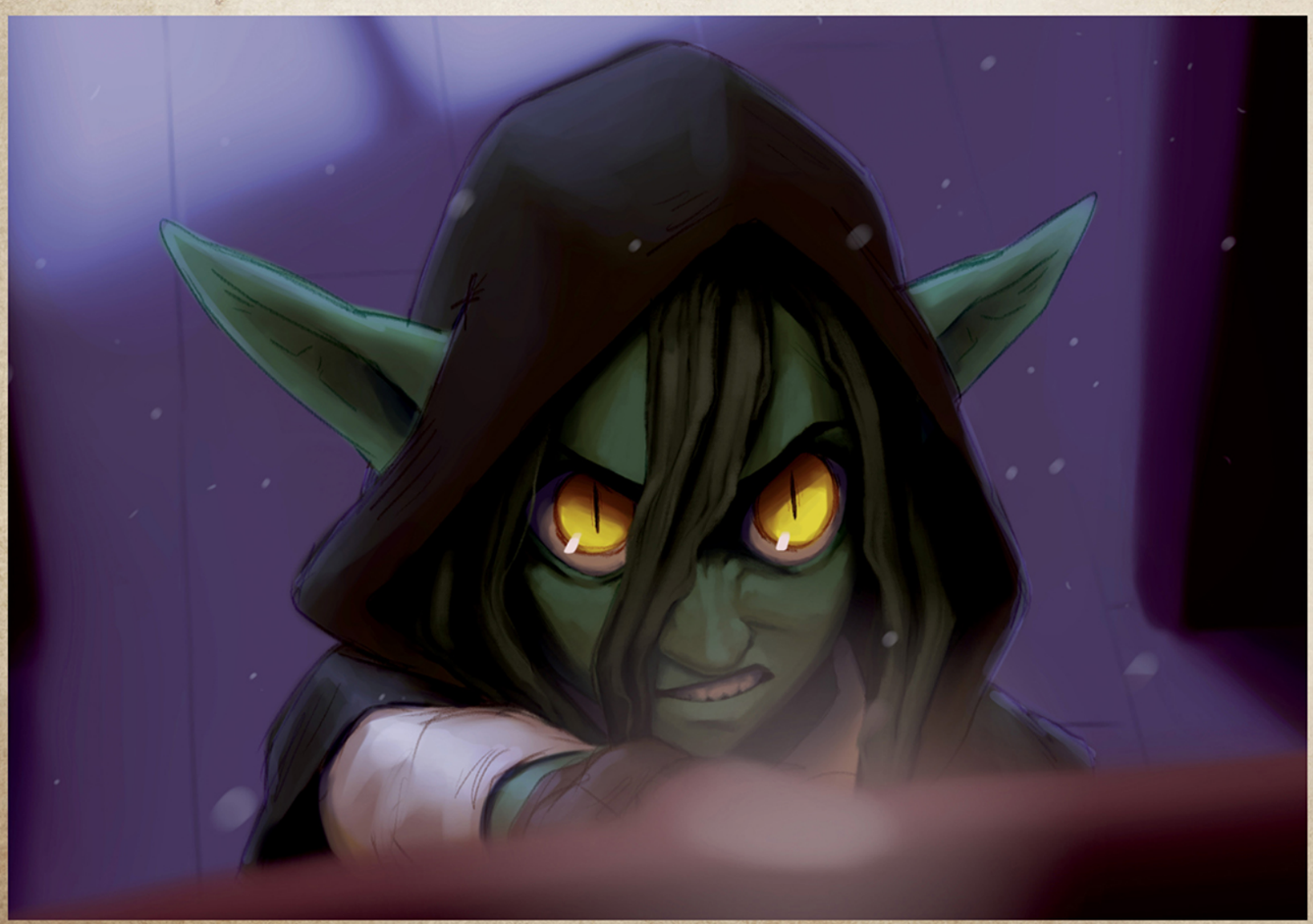


GALACTICJONAH


Tusk
Love

@Takayuuki_art



AVIV OR

GALACTICJONAH

GALACTICJONAH

Lucien Nonagon

"Last night at the Evening Nip Tavern one of the Gentleman's hired hands, a Tabaxi named Cree, walked right up to Molly and hugged him. She called him "Lucien." Molly tells us to 'just go with it.' What the fuck does that mean, Molly?" –BL

While details of Mollymauk's previous life as Lucien Nonagon are thin, we can shine a bit of light on the source of his power.

While Beauregard never explicitly states this, we can infer that Mollymauk Tealeaf was using a crude form of blood magic to temporarily enchant his weapons. Although quite rare, this sort of blood magic is not unknown to the archive. These magics have been used to augment physiology, practice metanoia, and in a few cases has been linked to forms of lycanthropy. We assume this group of "Tombtakers" to which Lucien belonged were studying these mysteries. For further reading, please refer to "Blood Cults of the Cyrengreen Forest," subsection "Bloodhunters."

See History of the Castle Lezelei, Royal Bloodlines of Deastock –Z

"Known members of the Tombtakers

Lucien Nonagon (Molly)
Cree ~ Currently employed by the Gentleman. Blood powers like Molly's.
Tyffal ~ Currently said to be in Nogvurot.
Otis and Zoran ~ Still at large, whereabouts unknown.
Jurrell ~ Deceased
Some lady spellcaster from Rexxentrum."
–BL

SHORTER·SNEAKER

The Gentleman

"The Gentleman" is the alias of a crime boss associated with the Myriad[1], who is a person of interest in several underground criminal circles. These entries by Beauregard are of particular import regarding him, and will be made available to the appropriate offices. This is not the Expositors' first contact with the Gentleman, and we are very much aware that he is worth keeping a close eye on. –GS

"Finally managed to figure out who this Gentleman guy was. Kept seeing his name pop up in various places with a criminal bent and we finally found him in Zadash. Had to use a code phrase to see him and everything–'We bring many gifts.' He's clearly a guy who uses his charm to get through life, and it seems to have worked out for him. He's got quite a band of loyal followers. We told him we were looking for work, and while he seemed interested, he took our blood first. Apparently one of his followers, Cree, can use it to track us[2]. So that's fucking weird and creepy. He had Fjord play him in a card game, to test our luck as a group or some other bullshit. Fjord won, which actually seemed to impress this guy. He sent us to investigate an abandoned research facility. Apparently some of his own guys got spooked last time he sent them over there. When we came back having cleared his facility of creepy ghosts, he gave us two more jobs out of town–meet with a contact (Febron Keyes) at the Labenda Swamp to secure a safe house there, and go to Shady Creek Run to help out a woman named Ophelia Mardun[3] with whatever her problem is and bring her back to Zadash. Seem like laughably easy jobs, but this guy doesn't seem like someone we want to piss off." –BL

"Met back up with the Gentleman. He was...surprisingly kind about our losing Molly. Even gave us extra coin. Took Caduceus' blood too, though. Apparently Ophelia is more than just a business connection, because he made out with her the second he saw her. She didn't seem super into it though. Could she be used as a possible ally against him...? Or a bargaining chip...?" –BL

"The Gentleman might be Jester's father??? When she described what he looked like (blue and moist with black hair and a goatee), the Ruby said that was exactly what ~~Babenon Dosal,~~ Jester's missing father, looked like. Jester reached out to the Gentleman, asking him about ~~Babenon's~~ name and the Ruby of the Sea, but he said he'd never met her. Super fucking sketchy. He's gotta be Jester's father, that's where my money is. Found out he had a kid and bailed. Poor Jester." –BL

1. The Myriad is a crime syndicate that has interests and holdings throughout the Empire, most notable for its robust smuggling operation. Sources have indicated members may be gaining footholds in Tal'dorei as well.

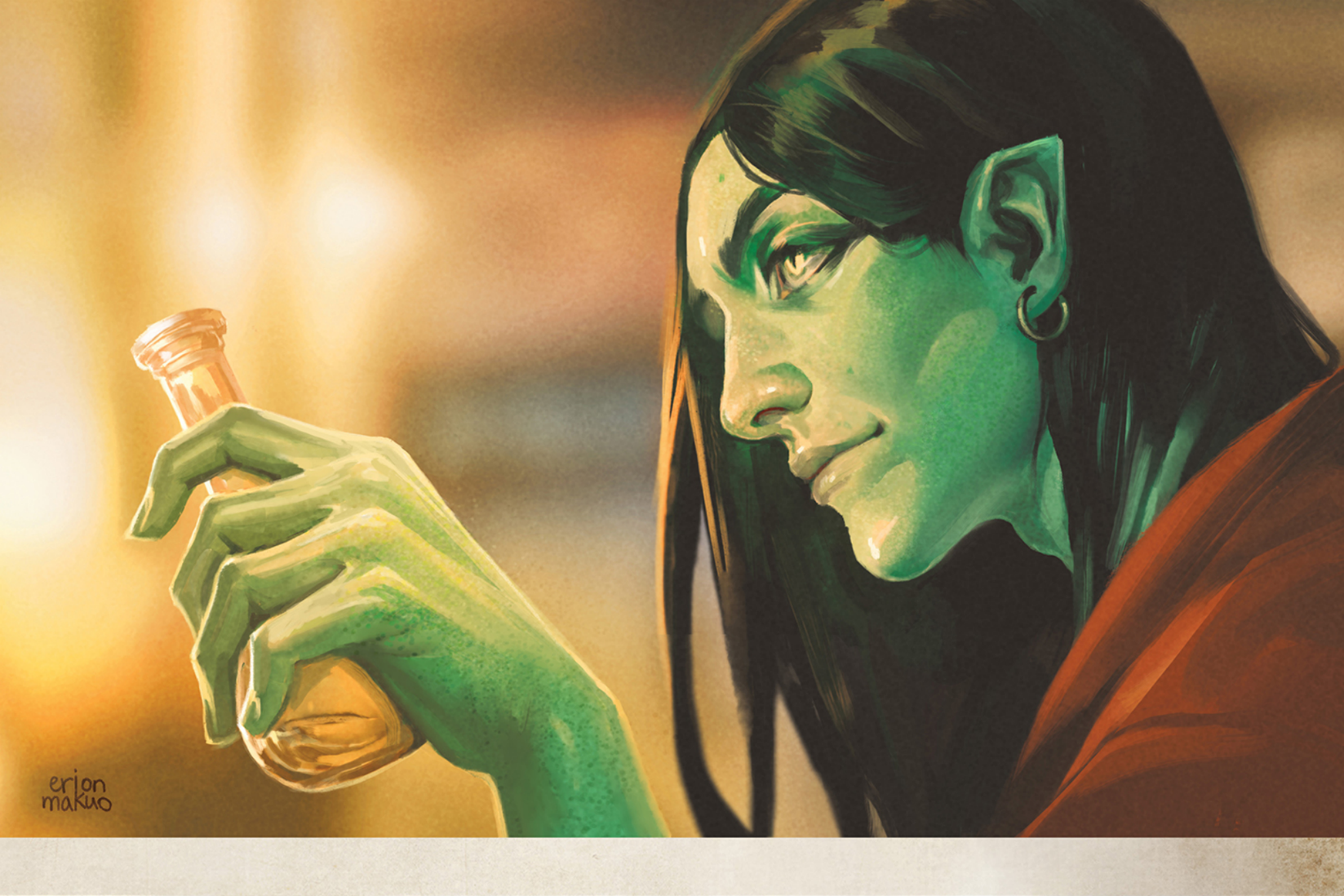
2. Possibly some sort of new form of blood-based mutagenetic tracking?

3. House Mardun is a well-to-do family situated in Shady Creek Run, with a surprisingly diverse collection of friends and enemies.

Please cross reference this with anything you dig up in the Tombstalers file. – SS

I'll let the comment about house Mardun slide, but let's try to reel in the wild speculation. –Z

Again, please don't encourage inappropriate speculation – see entry: "The Ruby of the Sea" – Z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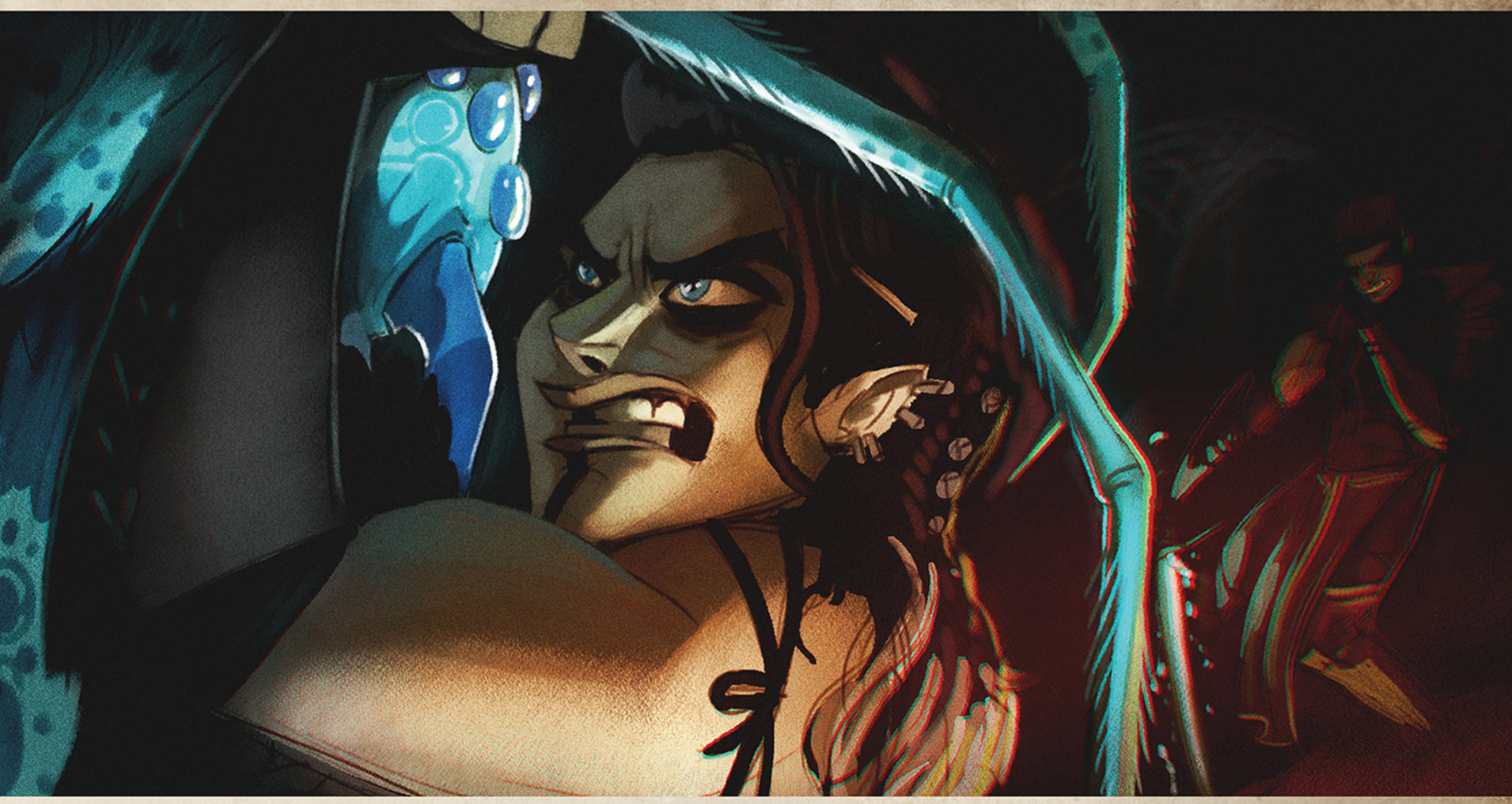
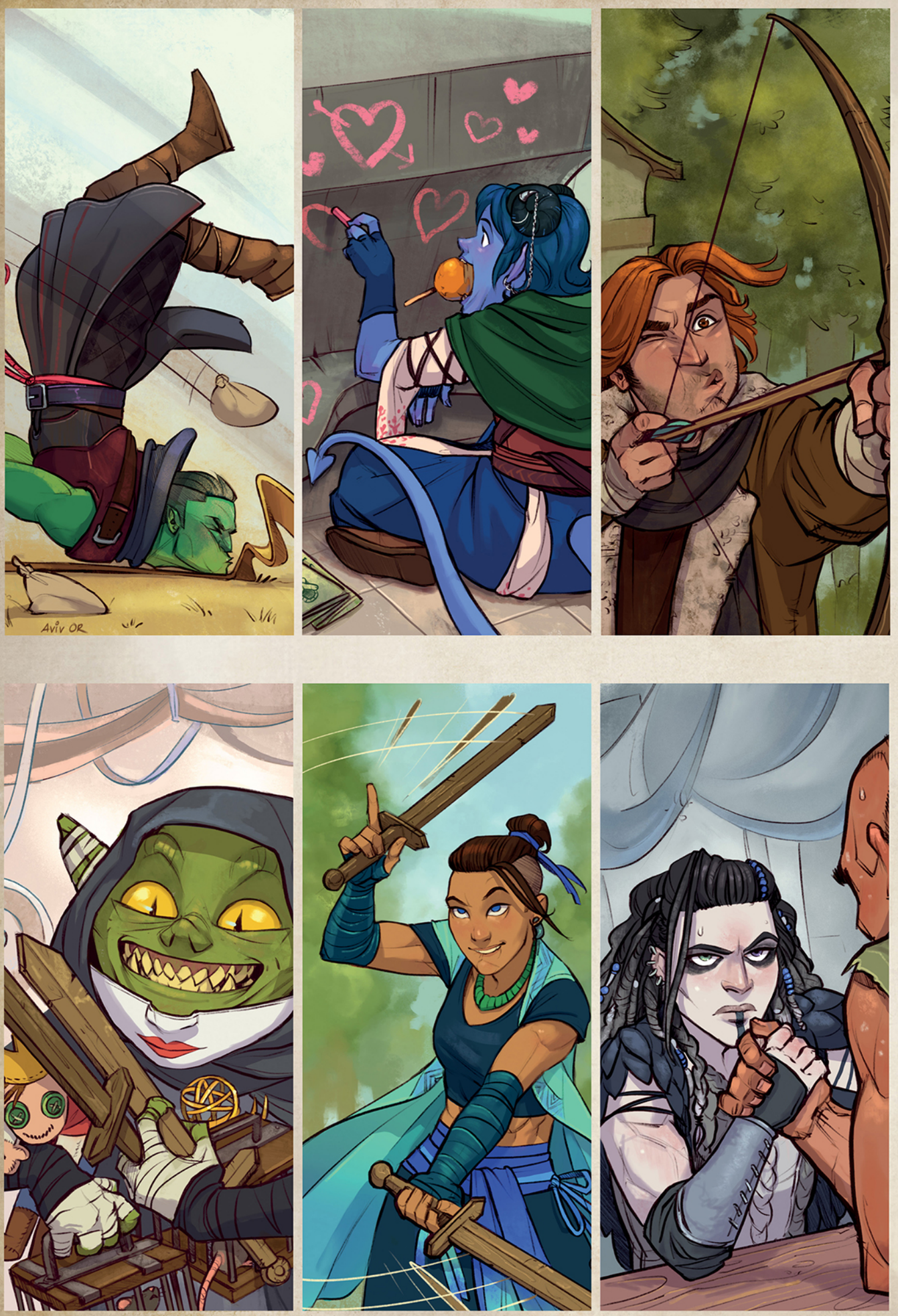



AVIV OR

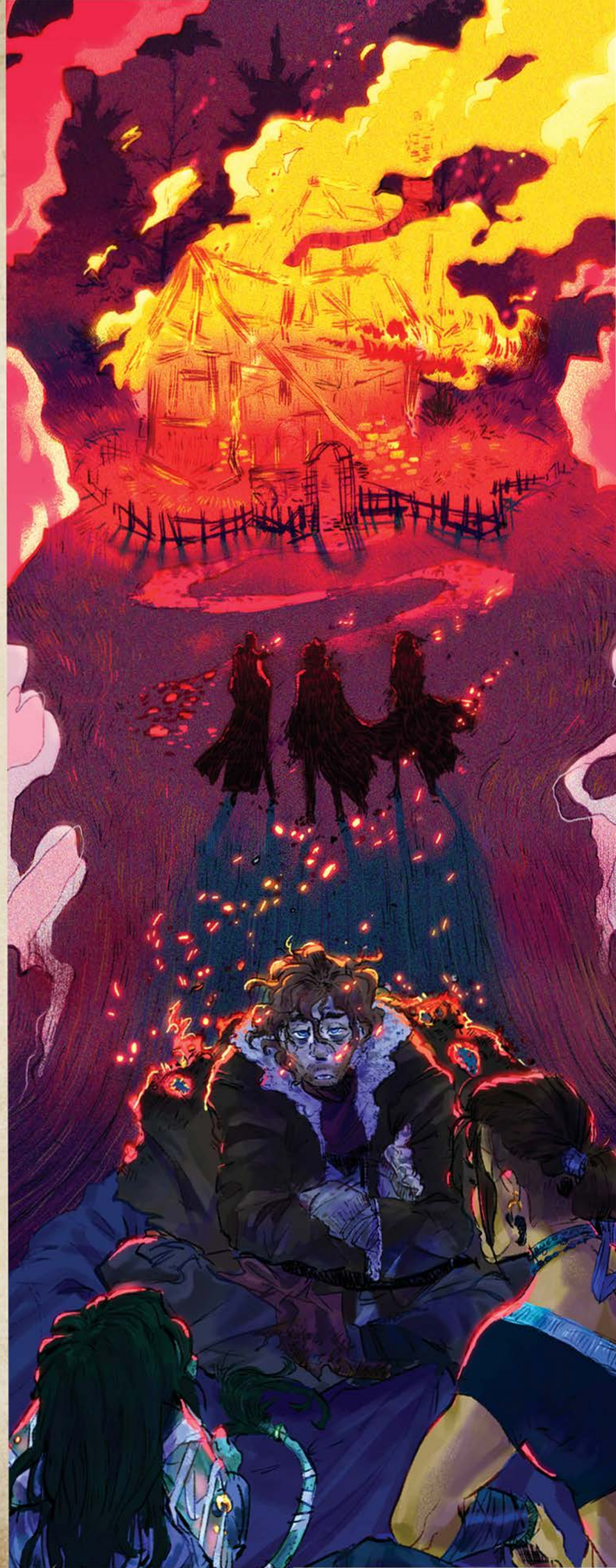
ADRAGON
SWINGING
2018

@anna.the.newt
ANNA
2015

Caleb's Past

When I was younger, I grew up in a small township outside of Rexxentrum called Blumenthal. My mother's name was Una. My father's name was Leofric. Everyone was very excited about me when I was young. I was bright and confident. People used to say that I glided through life, and everything just worked for me. As I got older, it became clear that I had a knack for the arcane. Everyone talked about this Soltryce Academy, maybe I would go there someday. The way they do things at that Academy, they don't take all comers. They look for the diamond in the rough, and every couple of years they find one. But when I was a young man, adolescent really, they found three of us. Another boy and a girl, from Blumenthal. And we were accepted. I studied for a year. I worked so hard. It came easier to me than the other two, but they were also very accomplished. There were other students from other parts of the Empire there, and a little over a year of learning all they had to impart, I met a man named Trent Ikithon. He became our teacher. After a year of studying in the main school, Trent handpicked all three of us again, and we left the school proper and went with him to a home out in the countryside, where he trained us. It was a good time. We believed in the Empire, we were going to keep it strong. He was cruel. He hurt us a lot. Made us go through extreme circumstances, but we got strong. I also fell in love, but that's another story.

We were ready to graduate, and the last test of our allegiance was–I'm getting ahead of myself. I went on a trip home and visited my parents and when I was there, in the middle of the night, I awoke and overhead them talking, and went to the stairs and listened to them talk about revolution, and tearing the Empire down, and I felt disgrace and shame for my family. My mother and my father, who were so wonderful to me when I was a child, and were so happy for me to go to the Academy and believe in the Empire so much. I went back to the school and when the three of us were summoned and told what was expected of us, I knew what had to be done. We went to this other boy's home first, Eodwulf, and we stood by as he killed his parents. We went to Astrid's house, and had dinner with them, and she poisoned them. Then we went to my home, and we grabbed a horse cart. And in the middle of the night, placed it against the door to the home and I set it on fire. As soon as I heard my mother and father screaming inside... I was so sure. I was so sure... Until I wasn't, and I broke a bit.



Impressions of Caleb Widogast[1]

1. We have checked all usual channels (and a few unusual ones) and have no record of a "Caleb Widogast" born within the Empire. We would appreciate a budget allocation to open up more resources to pursue more information.

2. Later entries indicate that Nott and Caleb befriended each other during a jailbreak.

3. We are attempting to keep up with new information as it becomes available.

4. Frumpkin is of course a "familiar." It is common for magically educated persons to train arcane beasts as companions.

5. Transmutation is one of the eight schools of magic. Students of transmutation specialize in the rearrangement of matter.

"Even if everything else about Caleb were normal, you should never trust anyone who works that hard to look like a vagrant. Nervous, twitchy. Seems pretty booksmart, but couldn't possibly be as clever as he thinks he is. Was traveling in the company of a kleptomaniac goblin just *heaping* praise on him (A blood debt of some kind? Magic? Investigate further)[2]. ~~Initial theory is he's obviously hiding from a previous criminal employer. High-level theft seems likely, will note if he attempts to sidestep certain types of work~~[3]. Despite an obvious affinity for magic, he seems dodgy about looking for formal training. He's very attached to his cat[4], Frumpkin, the only thing he seems to show any physical affection toward. Everything about this guy screams 'bad news' but...he did stick around town and help get me out of jail. That's endearing, I guess." –BL

"Another bookstore. This is obviously more than just an obsessive hobby for Caleb. He's searching for something, possibly related to his style of transmutation magic[5]. Maybe bartering a trip to the library at the Cobalt Soul is the ticket to getting into his good graces. Hopefully he doesn't figure out it's technically open to the public as long as you ask nicely..."[6] –BL

Whatever conversation transpired after this entry is now missing. Those pages were torn out of Beauregard's second journal, either by her, Caleb, or some other agent. This would certainly connect to the organized crime theory. –CS

6. You've spoken to Nadeer to confirm this visit? –Z

7. I am aware that several of you are uncomfortable with how these pages were obtained. –Z

8. Unfortunately, all records pertaining to students of the Academy are considered classified. –Z

This "Caleb Widogast" is obviously an alias. This page needs extensive updates. In the meantime here is one of the journal's missing pages that we recently came into possession of. –Z

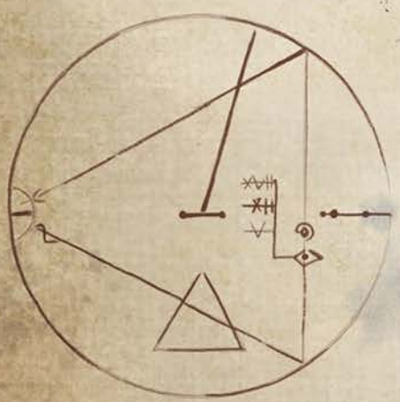
"Last night Caleb finally opened up. It was... a lot.

Early life described as pleasant, happy. As a teenager, he was selected to study magic at the Soltryce Academy. He spent a year studying there before becoming the protege of [redacted]. He and a few others were moved to the country for intense study. Caleb described the training as "torture. Cruel, painful, and extreme." The students were instructed on occasion to personally execute prisoners as proof of their allegiance to the Empire.

It was under the tutelage of [redacted] that Caleb was tasked with the execution of his parents, believing they were dissidents, and as a final test of his loyalty, was tasked with personally assisting other students in the execution of their parents before setting fire to his childhood home, with his parents barricaded inside. This is what finally broke Caleb. Who could survive an experience like that with their sanity intact?

His story falls apart a bit after this. An orphan, a woman. I'm still not convinced his memories aren't still jumbled. Still, this is disturb– [page torn at this point]" –BL

The names were rendered illegible on the original document. –CJ



"Brennen"

CF.
GUNKISS

Verschiedene Körperformen der Fee “Frumpkin”

Tafel I.

1. Hauskatze
2. Wanderfalke
3. Elfenkauz
4. Große Höhlenspinne
5. Haussperling
6. Gemeiner Krake

Tafel II.

18

Impressions of Nott the Brave

1. We will have a conversation about the sort of resources it would take to move this research forward. —FJ

2. Yes, we are aware that it is highly peculiar within the Empire for a goblin to be keeping the company of a band of adventurers. Possibly the most peculiar thing about this group.

3. These past events, by some miracle, we were actually able to confirm.

4. Could be referring to any number of spells that are available to a powerful wizard. We have contacted the Soltryce Academy for their opinion on this matter, but suspect we will receive their customary polite dismissal.

5. This is the nickname for the Halas Sphere, an extra-dimensional pocket space housed inside of a clockwork ball. This item will be covered further in subsequent entries.

Beau's journal mentions Nott wielding an unusual weapon procured in Zuggtmoy. I would appreciate some information on this device, rather than your inappropriate button-themed flights of fancy. —J

We must admit we are a bit baffled by this one. Goblins aren't exactly known for leaving a paper trail. Even when recording extraordinary events concerning goblins, witnesses tend to gloss over details beyond "small and green." Regardless, we are still poring over several promising arrest reports from the southern Empire[1], and do hope to have some confirmed records soon. In the meantime, here are a few of the most usual entries. Clearly this "Nott" is no ordinary goblin. —FJ

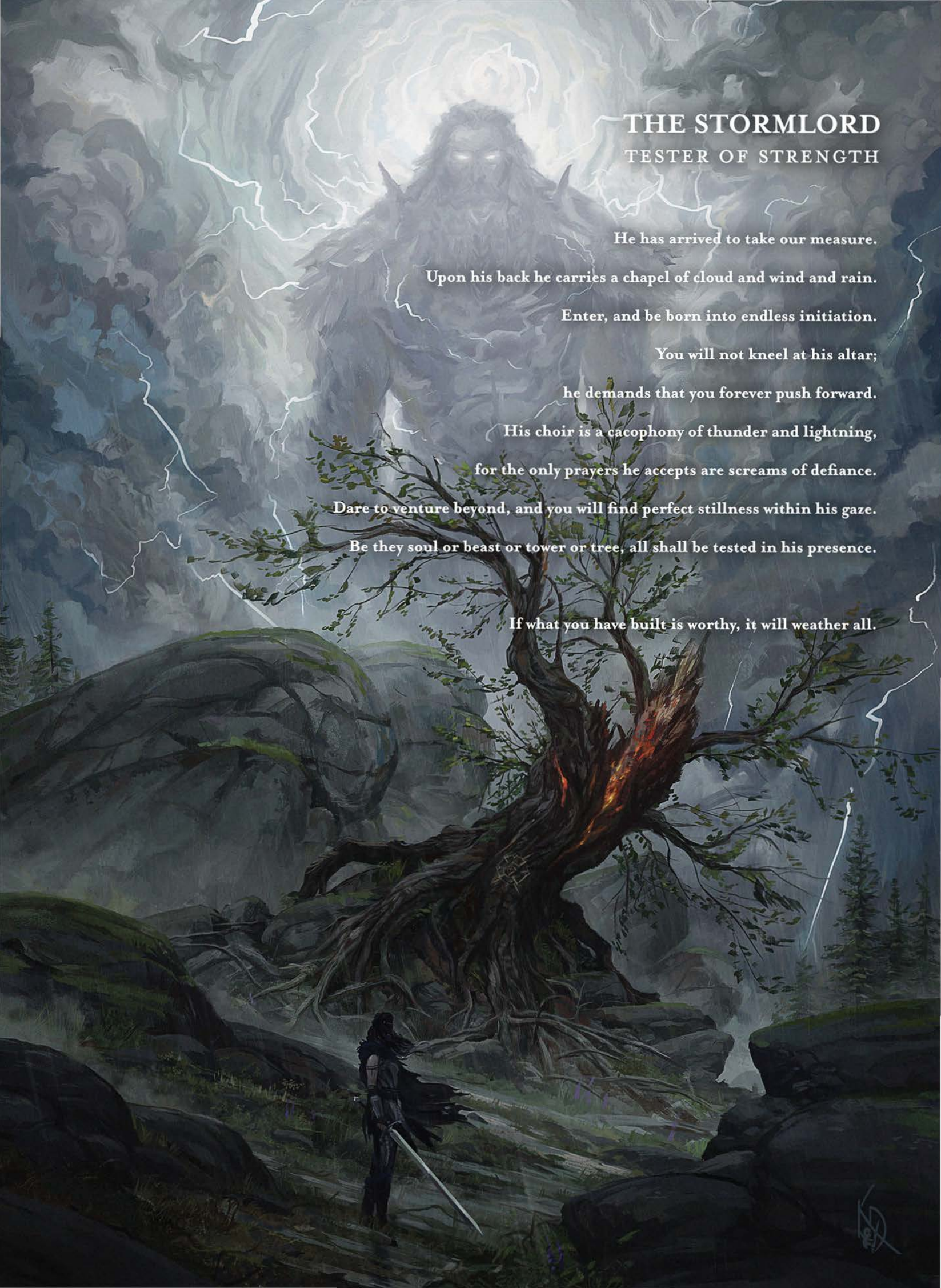
"That goblin[2] hanging around with Caleb? That's Nott the Brave. Unsure if the pun is intentional, because she seems to only find her courage at the bottom of a flask. Her personality is strange, especially for a goblin. She seems intent on blending into society, using a porcelain mask to hide the lower half of her face. She speaks of getting an 'itch' to steal from people, taking things like canes and buttons and jewelry. She's completely devoted to Caleb, staying by his side no matter what. Not sure if it's love or just blind loyalty–according to Caleb, they met in jail, staged a jailbreak, and Nott even saved his life at some point, all before they met us[3]. Her fascination with humans and society comes from somewhere, but not sure where... She's good with her crossbow when she has a mind to actually use it, and her lockpicking skills could actually come in handy." —BL

"Talked to Nott about Caleb tonight. We've all been sitting here thinking Caleb was a parental figure to this goblin kid. Turns out, Nott considers *herself* the parent, not the other way around. Referred to herself as his protector. She mentions wanting him to get stronger and more powerful. So it's not just love or a weird fascination. She wants him to do something for her eventually. Use magic to...get revenge? Change her?[4] She really does seem to hate goblins, which likely extends to herself. I don't know. There's a lot of possibilities. But it sheds new light on their relationship."—BL

"For someone who named herself *not* the brave, Nott's definitely gotten braver in her time as our friend. Despite her fear of water, she's gone on two dives just to help Fjord (though she definitely complained about it the entire time), and puts herself in harm's way for others. According to Jester, Nott nearly sacrificed herself in the Happy Fun Ball[5] during the fight with the dragon. She pulled its attention away from Jester, despite knowing it would attack her instead. This act absolutely saved Jester's life. Nott seems really focused on making sure we all stay together as a team. I'd even go so far as to say that, while her loyalty to Caleb hasn't lessened, it's been extended to the rest of the party. I think we might all be her kids now. It's kind of sweet, in a really weird way." —BL

MP

ULVAR



THE STORMLORD

TESTER OF STRENGTH

He has arrived to take our measure.

Upon his back he carries a chapel of cloud and wind and rain.

Enter, and be born into endless initiation.

You will not kneel at his altar;

he demands that you forever push forward.

His choir is a cacophony of thunder and lightning,

for the only prayers he accepts are screams of defiance.

Dare to venture beyond, and you will find perfect stillness within his gaze.

Be they soul or beast or tower or tree, all shall be tested in his presence.

If what you have built is worthy, it will weather all.

Keystone Pub

Kiri's Phrases

During their time working for the Gentleman, the Mighty Nein took in an orphaned kenku by the name of Kiri. The Kenku have an innate ability to mimic all speech and sound. Below is a list of some of the phrases that Beauregard mentioned Kiri having taken up during their time together.

- Welcome to the Mighty Nein!
- I am Kiri!
- Yes, I am very sweet.
- It's sharp.
- Ooh, I'm a captain.
- Where do babies come from?
- Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
- If it bleeds, we can kill it.
- I killed people!
- Get into trouble!
- She's probably a good egg.
- ~~Go fuck yourself!~~

It's one thing to "teach" a kenku a phrase, and another entirely for one to pick up the word simply from hearing it constantly repeated. Please remove this from the listing. — Z

No eating humans. Okay?

Impressions of Calianna

"We seem to have picked up another straggler today. A sorceress, claims draconic heritage (dragon-touched, black dragon?)[1], far too polite, very skittish. Calianna (no last name given). She's on a quest to collect a ritual bowl of some kind[2], keeping it away from a cult (Dragon masks apparently feature).[3] We've agreed to travel together to our remote safe-house destination. I'm hoping this adding-strays-along-the-way trend doesn't hold. It's getting crowded." –RL

"Okay, fuck trolls. I was going to let Calianna take the bowl, it seemed to be the right call. I'm trying to maintain with these people, but..." –RL

"Thankfully the bowl was destroyed. Jester has expressed a desire to maintain a correspondence with "Cali"[4], so I'll pass along anything on the movement of her cult as I can." –RL

We have, however, recently managed to acquire a small assortment of crude sketches by Jester. Please catalog. –J

A symbol found beneath Port Damali

1. Black Dragon heritage typically manifests through resistance to caustic chemicals, and occasionally the ability to produce those chemicals. In a few rare instances, individuals who possess such lineage have gained the ability to fly (though Calianna has yet to display that talent).

2. We currently believe there to be at least one other bowl in existence.

3. The Scaled Tyrant–Possibly worshippers based out of Port Damali. Several expositors are attempting to locate a person of interest named Cirisa.

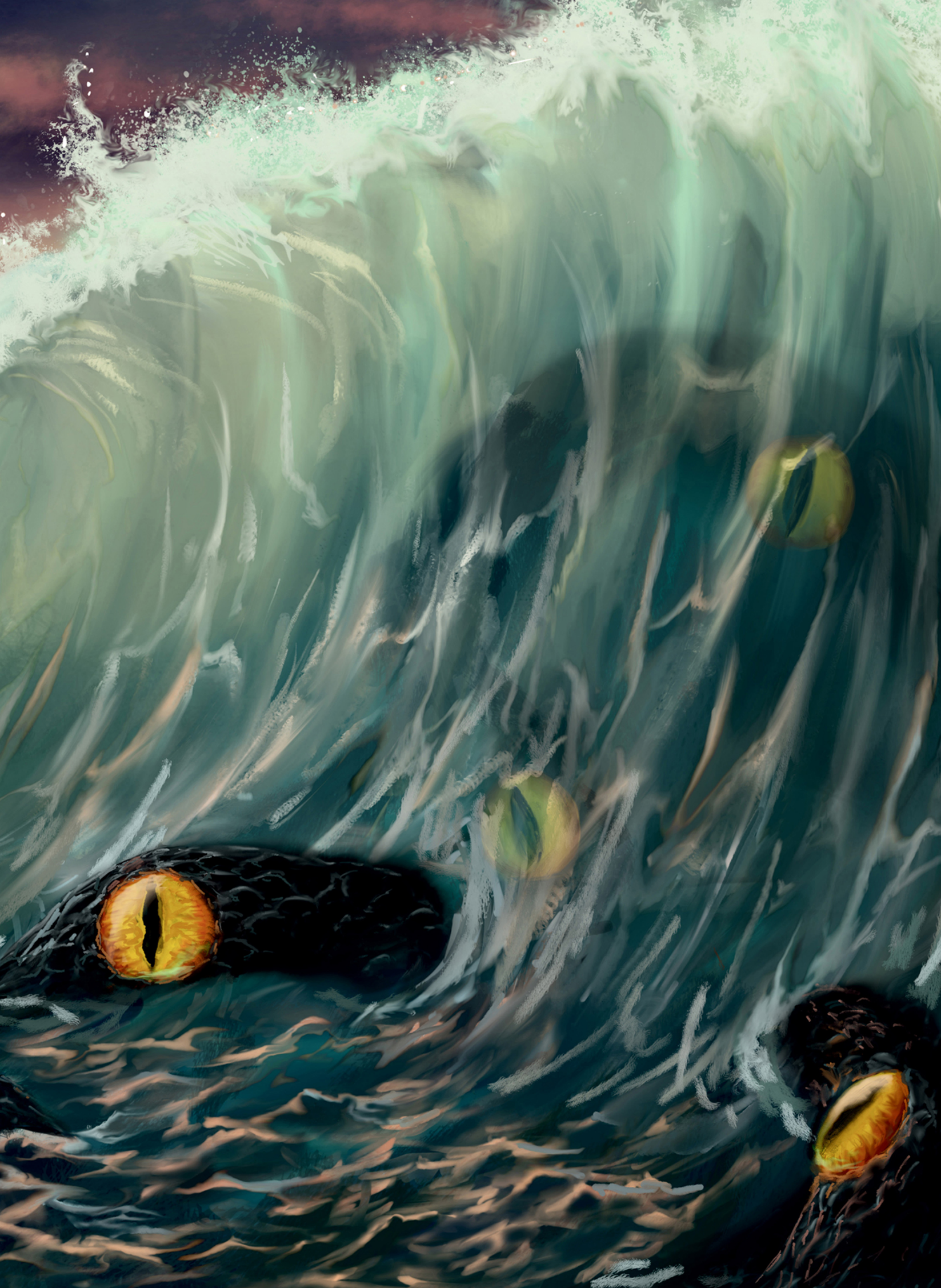
4. So far we have been unable to confirm, let alone intercept, any letters regarding Calianna's cult.

Nikki Dawes

GALACTICJONAH

MEGHAN PAGLIARONI - 2019

Stonghold
Art
2018



GALACTICJONAH

Midnightartist
@tumblr.com

Impressions of Keg

1. Keg's lack of a proper Dwarven beard is notable. Perhaps something happened to cause her to shave?

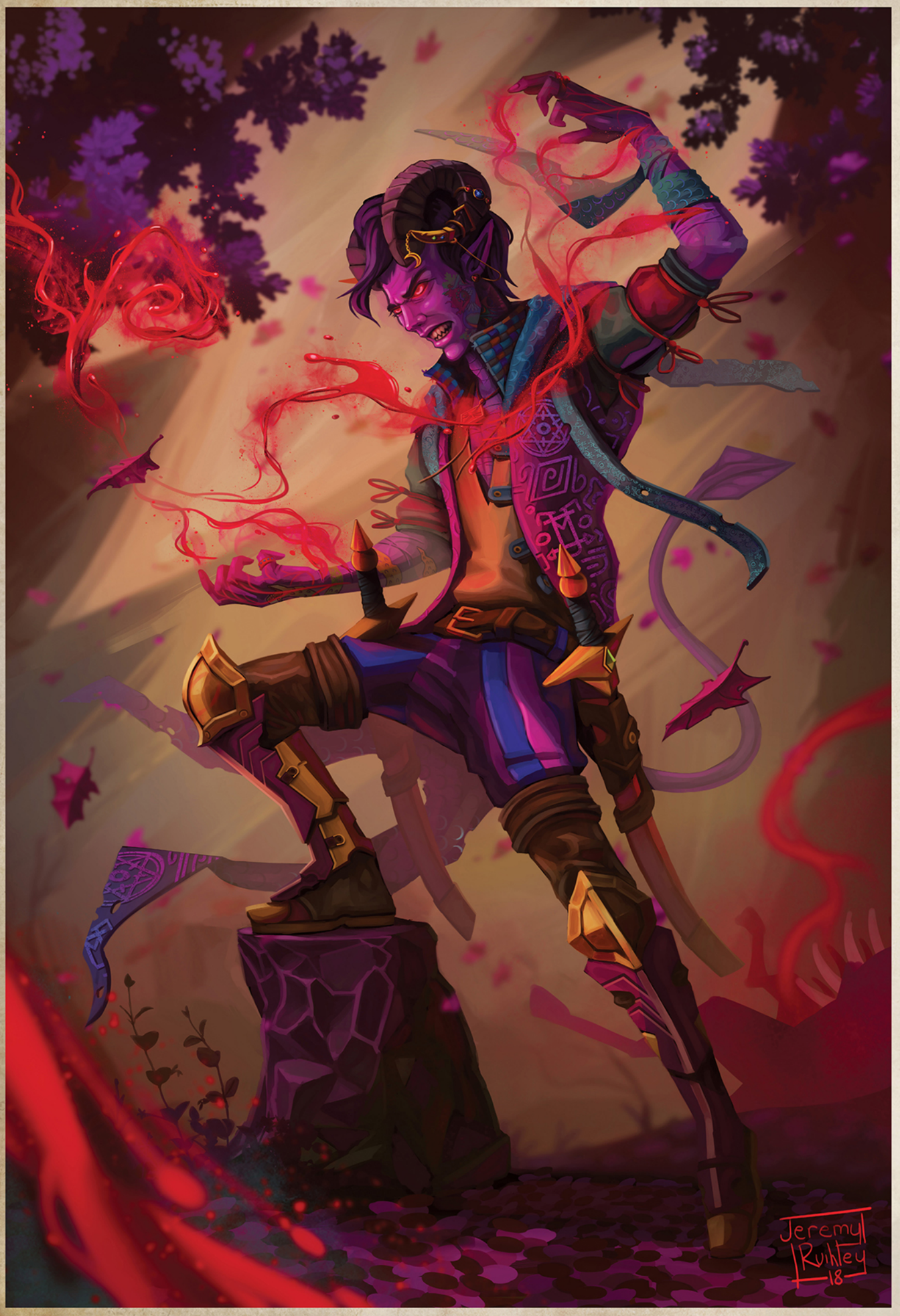
2. Records show that while the northern town of Shady Creek Run is, in fact, a hotbed of criminal activity, it also has a creek that is in near-constant shade due to the abundance of pine trees.

3. This appears to be the name of the Iron Shepherds' hideout.

Keg was traveling with Beau when the party suffered the sudden and violent loss of one of their members, Mollymauk Tealeaf. We feel this entry stands best with as little outside commentary as possible.—*ES*

"Losing Jester, Fjord, and Yasha has been hard enough, but now we've got another stray on our hands. Keg. Dwarven woman, five o'clock shadow[1], cigarette, rugged armor and an axe, and history with the Iron Shepherds. Keeps referring to a place called "the Run," likely Shady Creek Run (probably from all the shady criminals that live there)[2]. Not sure if we should be trusting anyone while our friends are captured. She does seem adamant about wanting to take down the Shepherds, and her intel seems solid. It could still be a trap." —*BL*

"Fuck. That went horribly. We lost Molly, and I don't know what to do. ~~Maybe if I had~~ I'm trying my best to stay objective. Keg is at least proving more useful than I expected, especially since we plan to infiltrate the Sour Nest[3]. ~~I'm growing to like her~~ She's fine, I guess. She's crass and short-tempered, but I can't really judge someone for that. Apparently she had a friend, Utoh, who got killed by the Shepherds too. So, that's something we've got in common. I don't get the feeling that she's going to double-cross us, but I'm not sure if I trust her to not turn tail and run. Well, here's hoping we don't immediately die while we try to save our friends...and avenge the one we lost." —*BL*


Jeremy
Rumley
18

Orc Barbies

@Takayuuki_art

Impressions of Nila

1. Nothing we could find in our records corresponds with any sort of "lucky smell bag." Our current theory is this may be a practice only found in the Guiatao Clan.

2. Lorenzo was the leader of a group of smugglers and slave traders known as the Iron Shepherds. It was during an altercation with the Iron Shepherds that Lorenzo took the life of Mollymauk Tealeaf.

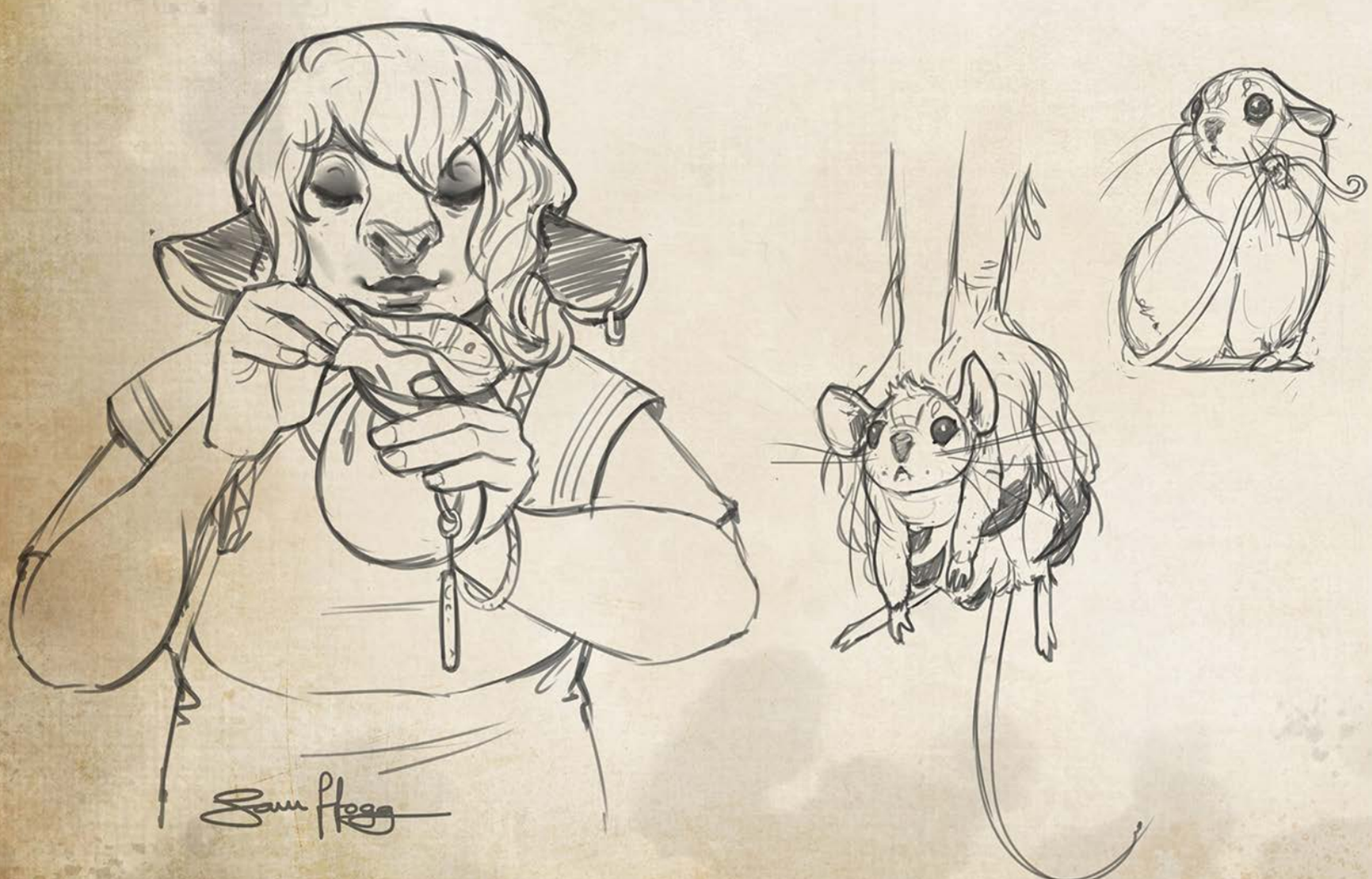
It is customary in the Guiatao Clan to carry feathers as adornments, so the likelihood of this one being magical is slim. -Z

Another in the line of people that the Mighty Nein have drawn into their fold for a time, Nila is a druid from a firbolg clan known as the Guiatao, who live near the Crispvale Thicket. She assisted in the Mighty Nein's infiltration of the Sour Nest, and their subsequent takedown of the Iron Shepherds. –*CS*

"The last fucking thing I thought I would want right now is more people around me, but this firbolg woman, Nila? She can stay. She has this presence about her, where you just...immediately feel calm. We met her group earlier, and from our small encounter with them, I'm glad that one of their members is on our side. She said something really nice about Molly. How in her clan, someone's spirit never leaves you. They return to nature, and are forever by your side. I don't know if I believe it, but I like the thought. She says she's never been in a fight before, which I find deeply unsettling, but since her son and her mate were kidnapped...seems she's got a fire to get them back." –*BL*

"Nila's smell bag agreed with us that going to see Ophelia is the right call. I want a smell bag[1] that makes decisions for me! That sounds amazing." –*BL*

"We found Nila's family! Kitor and Asar were being kept in a cage together. Nila turned into even more of a badass and actually pulled the bars of the cage open to rescue her mate and son. She was hesitant to leave us, wanting to continue and fight Lorenzo[2], but we convinced her that she needed to go back and stay safe with her family. She gave me one of her red feathers before she left (I hope it's magic or something), and promised Caduceus that she and her clan would keep an eye on the Blooming Grove for him in his absence. I don't know if Nila knows just how much we needed her presence after what happened, but I hope she understands how grateful we are. How grateful I am." –*BL*



Impressions of Ophelia

It has often been observed that petty squabbles and character assasination are some of the greatest preventatives of organized crime becoming too organized. Considering this, the partnership between Ophelia Mardun and the Gentleman has allowed both of their respective enterprises an unusual amount of success within their communities. Ophelia is known for her poise, unshakable confidence, and ruthlessness. –ES

"Ophelia really seems to hate these guys. She nearly killed Keg on the spot once she realized that she used to be a member of the Iron Shepherds. But we got her to back down, and she told us the help she required: to 'cut one of the limbs of their business' and kill as many as we could. Ophelia doesn't want any of our bloodshed traced back to her, hence her using the Gentleman to send hired hands. She gave us the location of their hideout, the Sour Nest, and told us a little bit of what to expect there. We need to find more hands, either the Grudge Gang or maybe this priest she mentioned in the Blooming Grove, in order to take these fuckers down. It's nice to have a mission that intertwines so nicely with personal vengeance." –RL

"We went back to Ophelia's and presented her with the evidence of our success. She was pleased at Caleb's description of the murders, and let me keep Lorenzo's glaive, which I wasn't expecting. But she told me to remember the favor. We're now heading to Zadash, escorting Ophelia safely back to the Gentleman." –RL

I don't know how things work at the Cobalt Reserve, but some context would be appropriate for this article. The Grudge Gang is a for-hire group of mercenaries and sell-swords operating within Shadycreek Run. This includes the Taskers, who operate as a sort of police force within the town. Feel free to expand on my notes. –Z

Impressions of Caduceus Clay

1. We have cataloged dozens of small temples across the continent. While most of them within the Empire now lie abandoned, a number of new active temples have sprouted up just outside the Empire's borders. The Clay family's "Blooming Grove" is definitely not one of these. It's reputed to have been built just post-Calamity despite its nearness to the Empire's northern border. Beauregard is the fifth Expositor to file a report from the Grove.

2. These flowers are a magical result of the Blooming Grove and the Clay family. Each flower is unique to a family bloodline that's buried there. For further reading, please consult Delando's *Compendium of Pantheon and Hierarchy*, chapter eighteen: "Relation and Communication Between Prime Deities." It contains a full study of the phenomenon along with details of the related Dust and Stone families.

3. It is quite common for firbolgs to talk to plants and animals. Also worth noting that only a few flowers in the Blooming Grove are useful. A few make tea, some have small medicinal value. Most are simply flowers.

4. The technical term is "rapid decomposition," a Clay family talent for speeding up the natural entropic cycle.

Caduceus Clay: A late but auspicious recruit to the Mighty Nein. It is hard to not feel like the gods were at the very least invested in the Mighty Nein when the group stumbled upon the Blooming Grove[1] on their travels north of the Empire. –*GS*

"We came to a clearing in the forest. There was a small stone building next to a pond, weird flowers[2] everywhere. Broken walls surrounded the place, overtaken by trees and vines. This giant pale firbolg with pink hair was just sitting there like he was waiting for us. He made tea." –*BL*

"It's been a couple days, so I'll do my best to piece it all together. He talks to plants[3]. He drinks dead people and talks to plants. Caduceus seems both grounded and flighty, like he's a million miles away but also aware of all this weird stuff going on around him. Eager to help, vague about his own situation beyond the fact that his family left him alone in this temple in the forest, and that the temple itself is losing its power, and somehow we're going to help him fix that. It's crazy insane but we were tired and angry, and Molly, and at that moment I wasn't gonna pretend that we didn't need all the help in the world." –*BL*

"I still can't figure this guy out. He has this weird detached vibe that seems almost callous toward death. He seems to be "seeding"[4] (I guess that's the word?) a lot of the people we end up...dispatching. Apparently they'll bloom into flowers. Maybe he'll make tea out of them too? But on any other subject he's just so...soft. Like, really soft. I keep getting nervous every time he opens his mouth because he is way too nice to strangers and just keeps blurting out the truth. But it seems to work for him? Also, I've noticed that he hasn't eaten any meat or had any alcohol since we've met. Man's gotta have a vice is all I'm saying." –*BL*

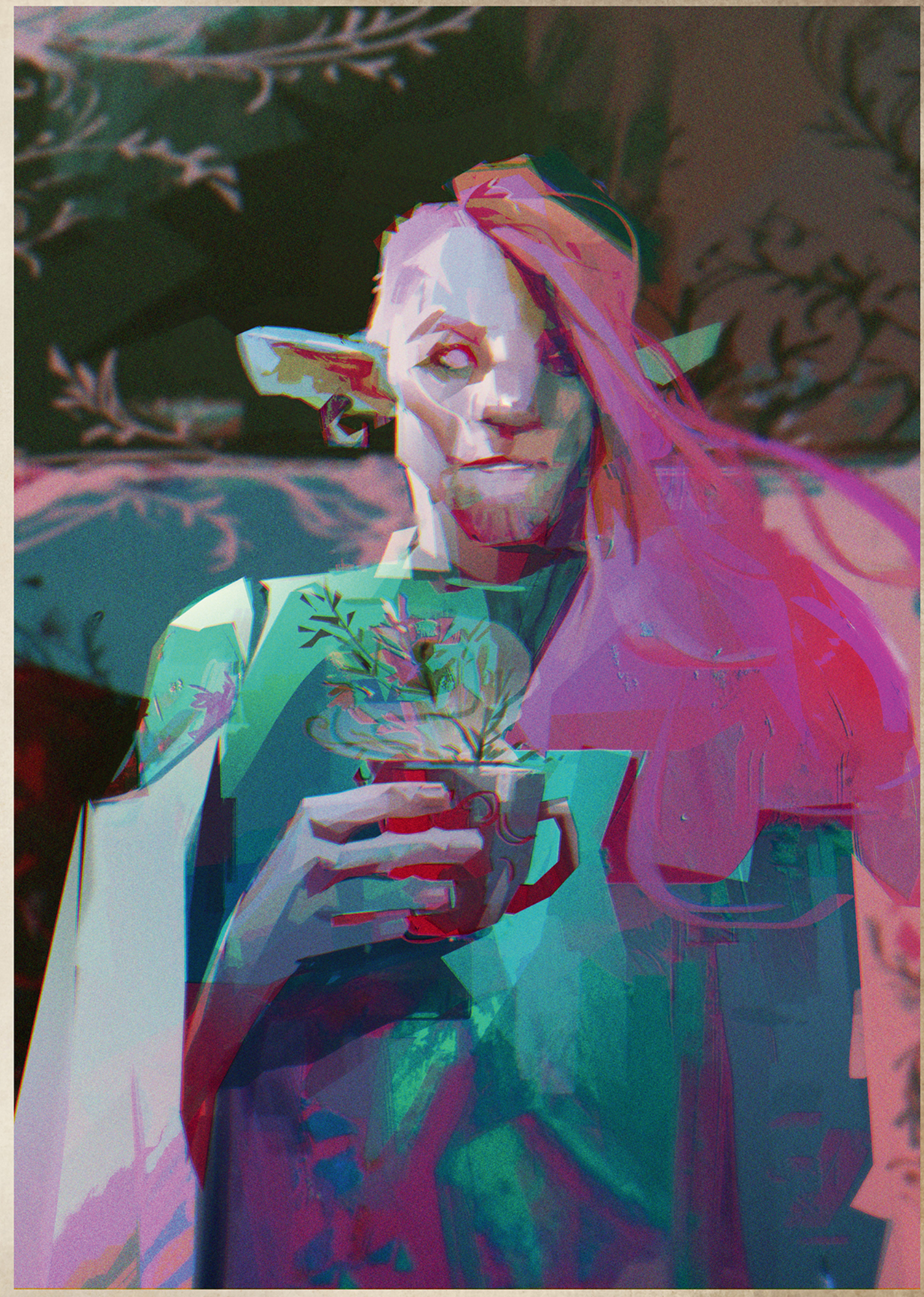
"Well, Mr. Unflappable finally flapped. Things did not go well at the docks. I feel pretty strongly that this was just a string of incredibly bad luck, but Caduceus is so convinced that everything has meaning. He thinks he made a mistake in joining up with us. That somehow everything's messed up. What am I supposed to say, that he's probably right? Jester pepped him back up with her Jesterness, but doubt doesn't just go away, does it?" –*BL*

Despite Beau's early misgivings and his odd behavior, Caduceus managed to gain his companions' trust, and seems to have found a home with the Mighty Nien. By all accounts he had a strong positive effect on the rest of the members. –*GS*

"We just might have killed a dragon, and most everyone seems pretty spooked by how close we got to losing Jester. I mentioned to Caduceus that I wasn't feeling shaken, and asked whether or not there was something wrong with me. He just made that squinty face he makes and said that it meant that my job was to comfort the rest of the group. Between that and the compliments he keeps giving me every time I kind of tell the truth, I don't even know. I like my edge, I don't wanna go all soft. But maybe this is a better, more effective way of doing things. Gross." –*BL*

Please expand on the other families. I recommend contacting Archivist Denid Sunlash for information concerning the Dust family.

Do not mention the moons if you value your time. –Z



2019
@VANDAMBACH

Lorenzo and the Iron Shepherds

Based on Beauregard's later notes about Lorenzo's powers, it is possible that he was some form of Ogre masquerading as a human. Please add a note. —Z

"We're about to start our takedown of the Sour Nest and the Iron Shepherds. Keg's earlier assessment of them was out of date, so I made notes on what we learned from the fight we had and from our reconnaissance.

Lorenzo—Piece of shit, or 'Fucko' as Keg is fond of saying. Leader of the Iron Shepherds, looks human, probably not. Fights with a huge glaive. Can use a pretty nasty cold spell but not sure about other magic. Might be resistant to fire.

Ruzza—Half-elf, magical. Keg thought she was a sorcerer, but she turned out to be a bard. Not to be taken lightly and preferably taken down quickly, since her magic might keep her crew alive.

Protto—Halfling. Weasely little fuck. Roguish, like Nott, and uses a bow, but seems to have more of a kick to his abilities. Don't think he has any magic, though. Nila heard him complain about Lorenzo accidentally killing potential captives in battle.

Wohn—Human, barbarian. Keg claims she's not as bad as the rest of the Iron Shepherds, but if she gets in our way, none of us is going to hesitate.

I already killed their druid, Dwelma, on Glory Run Road.

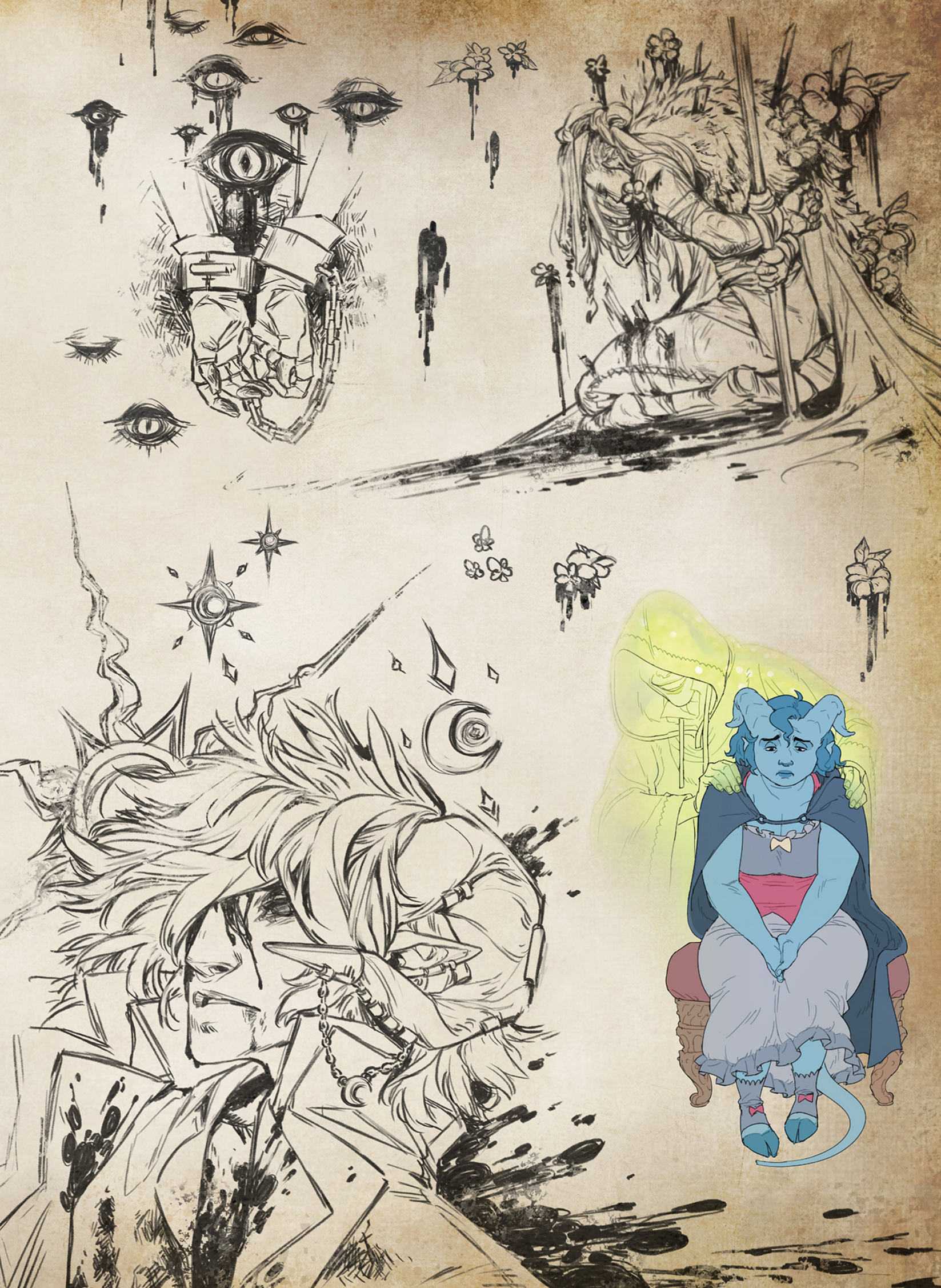
There are seven guards in the Nest that we've seen. One's named Phil. Shift changes at midnight. If we can kill the guards on the walls, we can get inside and separate the Shepherds, taking them down one by one.

We can do this. For Nila's family.

For Molly." –BL

ANNA
DOMS

We found them.
Ja...
CB
18



IX
THE ST

Lauren Rowlands

THE TRAVELER

Impressions of Jester Lavorre

If this is the case then perhaps we have a Traveler acolyte within our ranks, judging by the sheer amount of time I find scribbled in the margins of our volumes. —Z

1. While we've yet to find anything in our archives concerning "the Traveler," this may be because smaller and/or younger deities are notoriously difficult to track. There is a small body of work concerning versions of a cloaked stranger who appears in several provincial morality plays. These tales usually resolve with the stranger judging a local on their generosity or honesty. Depending on the tale, the hero is either rewarded or punished by the figure, often with an ironic twist. Another working theory among the archivists is that this is some god of vandalism. —Z

2. The Ruby of the Sea has been a marquee performer at the Lavish Chateau in Nicodranas for decades, though she is rarely seen outside the building.

3. A tawdry romance novel. I believe Expositor Fraelin is fond of it.

It's not a bad read.

I've requested an expansion to our reference collection on cult activity. If one cleric of this "Traveler" exists, it's highly likely that information on the entity has been recorded at some point previously. There's a needle somewhere in the haystacks. —Z

Jester Lavorre is the closest thing to an established and credentialed citizen of Wildemount within the Mighty Nein. While she may be difficult to track on paper, we have confirmed many of the details of her early life and travels. Her habit of defacing every town she visits actually helped us create the map charting the group's whereabouts. Fortunately for her, she seems to have little trouble finding allies with her optimism and sincerity. It's only the mysterious source of her power that causes us concern... —ES

"In a group made up of criminals and carnies, we've somehow found the nicest person in the world. At first I thought Jester was full of shit like the rest of us, but I think she might actually just be an intensely positive person. While the rest of us have kept things mostly close to the chest, Jester has no problem opening up about her life and her ongoing search for her father. She especially loves talking about her relationship with the Traveler[1], a god she's known since she was a little kid, and who apparently only she worships. It's...odd, but I can't deny Jester's magical abilities. They come from somewhere, so why not a god that no one has ever heard of who encourages his one disciple to paint dicks on things? Sure. I buy that for now." —BL

"Jester told us today that her wealthy mother in Nicodranas is the Ruby of the Sea[2], apparently a well-known courtesan. Jester didn't get out much as a kid, since widespread knowledge of the Ruby having a daughter would have been bad for business. It's kind of sad. Eventually Jester got herself in trouble with the law because of a prank she pulled (surprise, surprise) and that's how she wound up out in the world. Of course Jester tells this story with her usual bubbliness, but I'm starting to get a sense of the underlying sadness." —BL

"Okay so I noticed that Jester kind of had a thing for Fjord way back when we first met up, but now that she's gotten this book *Tusk Love*[3], it's definitely become a full-blown infatuation. Fjord seems super oblivious, though, which isn't surprising for a man who occasionally wakes up covered in seawater and confusion. Also, Jester doesn't strike me as someone who has had a lot of serious romances in her life. She lived in one room and talked to an invisible guy, for Ioun's sake." —BL

"Jester and I bought a bunch of pets today. One of them may have been a mistake. I stand behind the owl and the blink dog, but why did she buy a weasel?? How long is a weasel gonna last in our line of work?" —BL

Nikki DAWES

Impressions of Ruby

The Ruby of the Sea is the stage name of a well-known courtesan on the Menagerie Coast, who is apparently the mother of Jester, one of Beauregard's traveling companions. While these entries are informal and speculative, we feel the following helps paint a clearer picture of Jester Lavorre. It should also be noted that due to the Ruby of the Sea's fame, we felt it best to protect the privacy of all involved by redacting their names. –GS

"Jester talked to her mother via sending today. I could tell how much this new spell delighted her. She's clearly missed her mother, and it's nice to see a family that actually wants to be together. Wonder what that's like." –BL

"We finally made it to the Lavish Chateau to meet Jester's mom. Wasn't sure what to expect, considering what Jester told us. But I'm pretty sure we were all blown away. Is it weird to have the hots for your friend's mom? That's weird, yeah. I'm gonna back off on that. But for real, the Ruby of the Sea is smokin'. And her voice! Jester mentioned that her mom had a great voice, but her singing was otherworldly beautiful[1]. She invited us to come up to her room, so now we'll get to finally meet the great Ruby." –BL

"Wow, ~~Marion~~ is phenomenal. When we spoke, she listened, and in an incredibly active way. Plus, it was really nice to see a mom so invested in and supportive of her daughter. She wants Jester to find her own way in the world, despite also seeming scared by it. ~~Marion~~ mentioned that she doesn't leave the Chateau very often. That her clients come here, where she is 'safe'. I wonder if that's a personal preference or if it's house rules. Is the Ruby of the Sea trapped here?" –BL

"~~Marion~~ went into a little bit more detail about her past with Jester's father. She couldn't confirm that the Gentleman was the right guy, just gave us the name ~~Duberon Duval~~ and said that he had been a client. They had fallen in love and ~~Marion~~ had planned to leave the Chateau and Nicodranas with him to get married. She got pregnant, and he left to go set up their home. She never saw him again. He either died, is a huge prick, or is now a crime lord." –BL

1. Expositor Marcella has seen the Ruby of the Sea perform. She described the experience as "transcendent," but didn't go into more detail.

An asset at the Pillow Trove intercepted and transcribed one of the letters sent by the Ruby to her daughter. Please add to the archive. —Z

My darling Jester,

I do so hope your journeys have been safe, fruitful, and wondrous. My sweet girl, how I miss you. Your laughter, your energy. I've been sick with worry in your absence, but it is the trial any mother must endure, I suppose. You're on your own now, and while I will always miss that little girl, I'm equally eager to see the woman you will become. Until then, I've included a small trifle: something to keep you comfortable, creative, and free.

I love you,

Your Ruby

GALACTICJONAH

Impressions of Orly

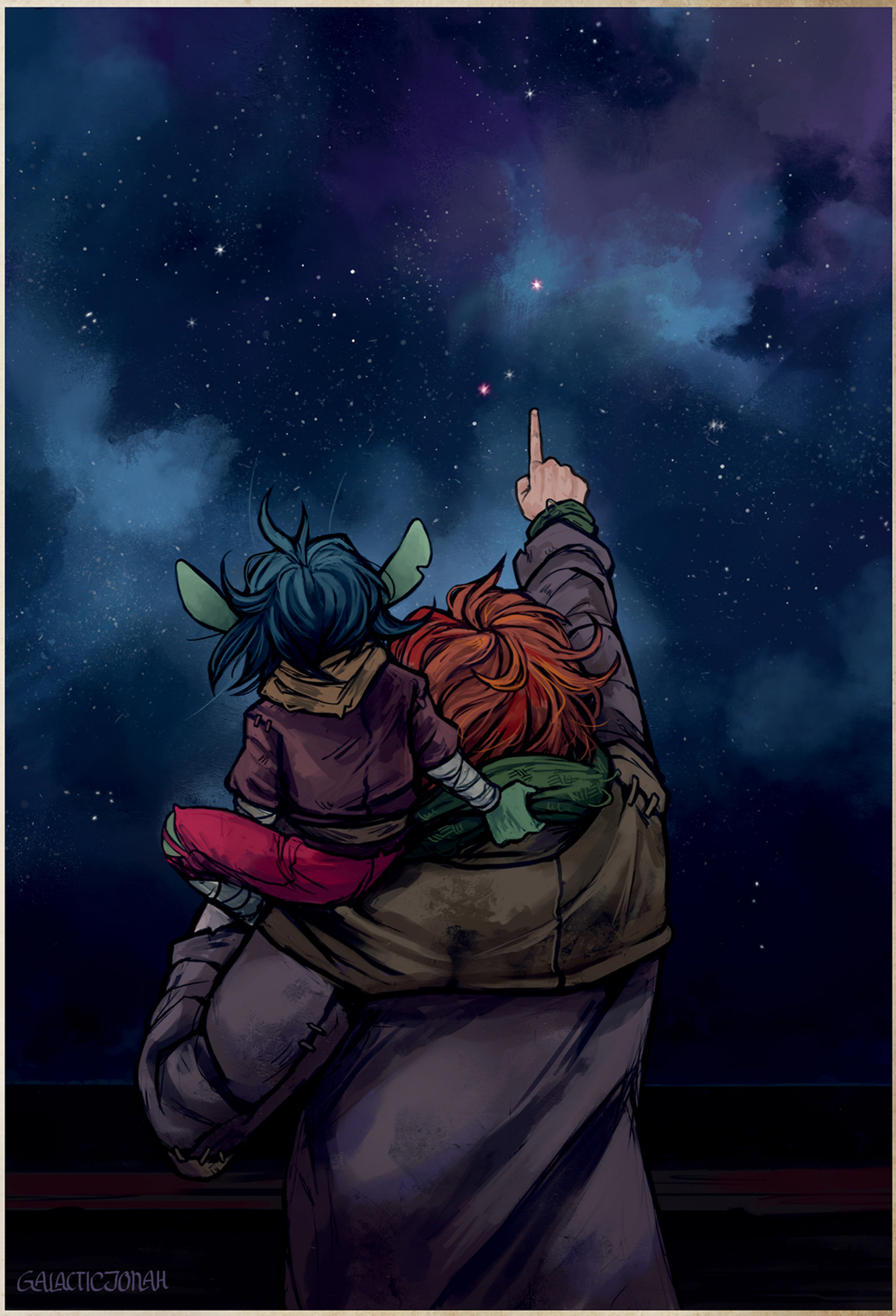
"We began hiring a crew for the ship today. In a fit of genius we had Jester contact Orly Skiffback, a tortal navigator we had recently met. He has definitely seen some shit. I should also mention that he has surgically implanted...windpipes? Bagpipes? Either way the sound is...interesting." –BL

Records of a musical seafaring tortal are not difficult to find. Orly Skiffback has had a storied career along the Menagerie Coast. He served on at least five other vessels before being hired to crew for the Mighty Nein, first as navigator for the *Mistake* and then as captain of the *Ball-Eater*. He is also a practitioner of an obscure form of magic. –CS

"Orly is encouraging Jester to learn how to tattoo[1], and has even offered to give her some kind of magic power tattoo? She's really leaning into it." –BL

1. In an interesting twist of fate, Orly appears in an archive volume titled *Rituals and Magical Practices of the Ki'Nau*, in which he is interviewed by an Expositor on the subject of "augmentative tattooing."

GALACTICJONAH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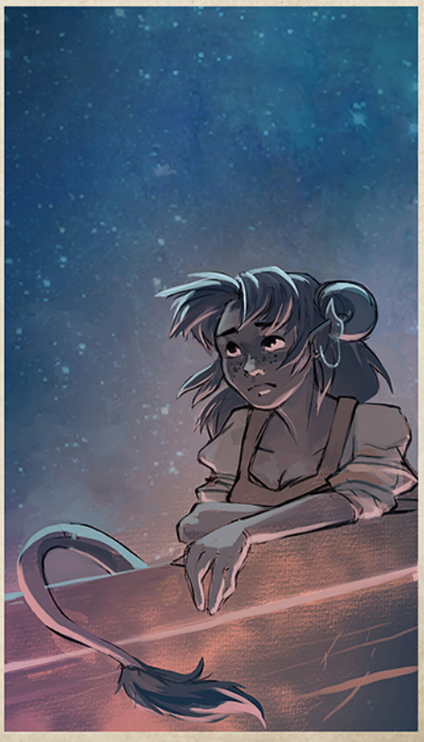

Information on Avantika

The Mighty Nein spent a brief time in the employ of Avantika, captain of the *Squall Eater* and a pirate operating off the Menagerie Coast. Their brief collaboration in pursuit of the mysteries of Uk'otoa ended predictably, in violence and betrayal. –GS

"Avantika's a real piece of work. She saw right through our disguises, particularly Fjord's, but his assurance that he could help her find the orb she wanted had weight. She took us on as her crew, after giving us the option of work or death. I still think we could have taken her, but I'm attempting to practice patience." –BL

"Fjord got some information out of her: apparently she's a 'Chosen' of Uk'otoa[1], and says that Fjord is too. That she was directed to release him, and has been having dreams similar to Fjord's. She's convinced her crew that freeing a god, or whatever Uk'otoa is, is a good thing. So now we're traveling to this island to...release him? Start the process? It's not good." –BL

"After the terrors of snake island[2], Avantika got the power she wanted. She can control water now, and I can see Fjord's jealousy written on his face. Avantika herself has this almost hypnotic charm about her. You get why a bunch of people would follow her and be willing to release an evil god. Not that I'm willing to release an evil god for her. She's hot but come on." –BL

"Fuck. We got to the port of Darktow[3] and then got banished from Darktow, all in about twenty-four hours. We also got Avantika killed, but that was her own fault. She was trying to overthrow the Plank King. Granted we're the ones who broke into her quarters, stole her journal, deciphered her code, and then presented the king with the evidence, but still. She's out of the way and I don't think any of us are particularly brokenhearted about it." –BL

1. More research has been done into Uk'otoa. Legends tell of a leviathan created by the Cloaked Serpent in a past age that was locked away by its worshipers as punishment for its great hubris.

2. Urukaxl, an island in Inkclaw Reef, known to be overrun with creatures that resemble snake people.

3. An island, considered sanctuary for members of the Revelry. These are pirates that swear fealty to the Plank King—see his entry.

Eat if looking for a good time!

Spooky trees...

Maybe these would make some crazy tea... I will ask Caduceus ♥

KYLER 19

Biography of the Plank King

"Plank King" is the title given to the leader of the Revelry, an organized band of pirates that operates throughout the Menagerie Coast. The Cobalt Soul has cultivated a relationship with the Revelry over the years. The connection was something of which the most recent Plank King, Wyatt Maranoss, was well aware. It's a testament to our Expositors' discretion and reliability that a man in such a perilous position felt comfortable enlisting Beauregard's assistance.

"My first audience with the Plank King of Darktow Isle, and he's already made me an offer. Boy do I have a plan." –鼠乂

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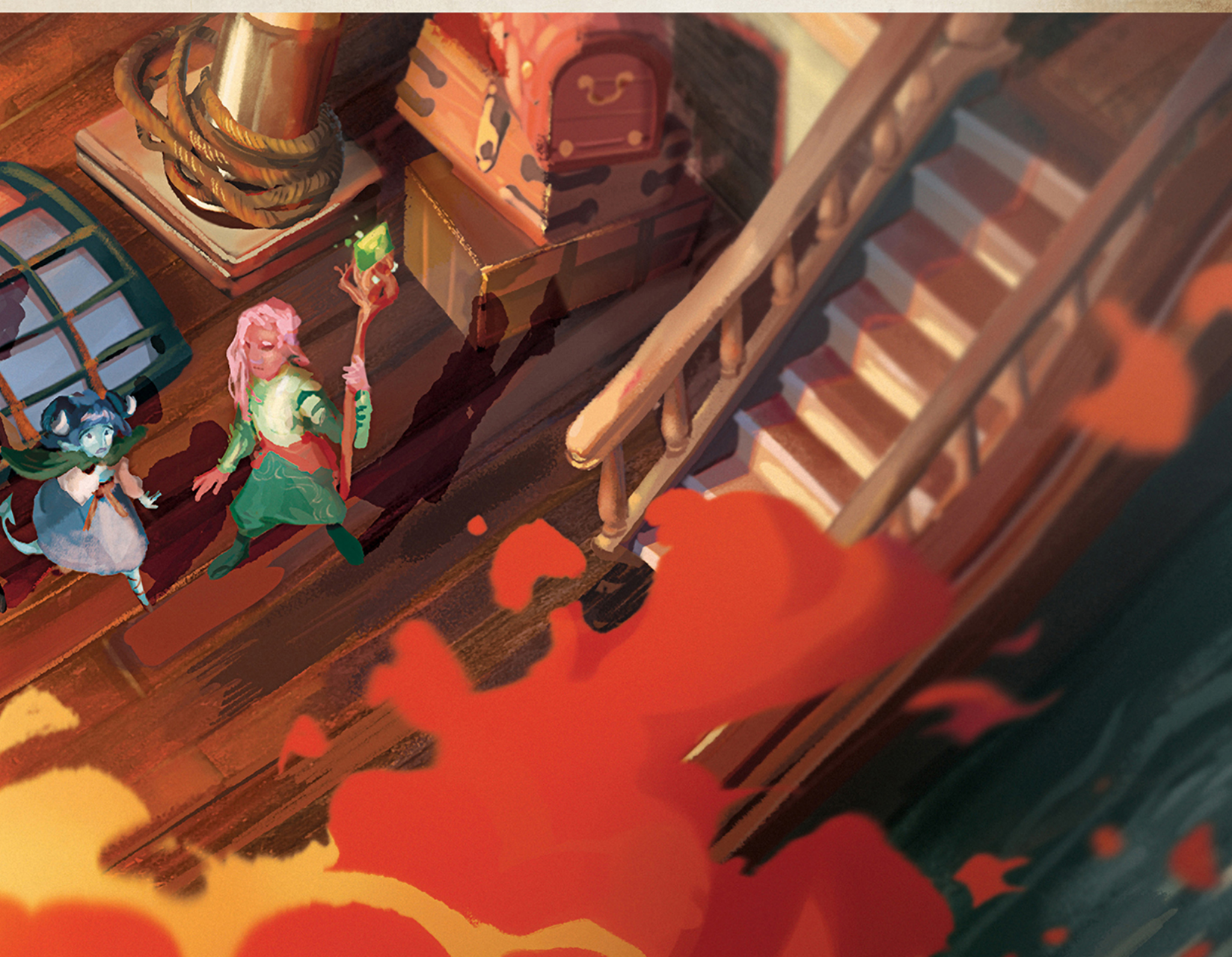

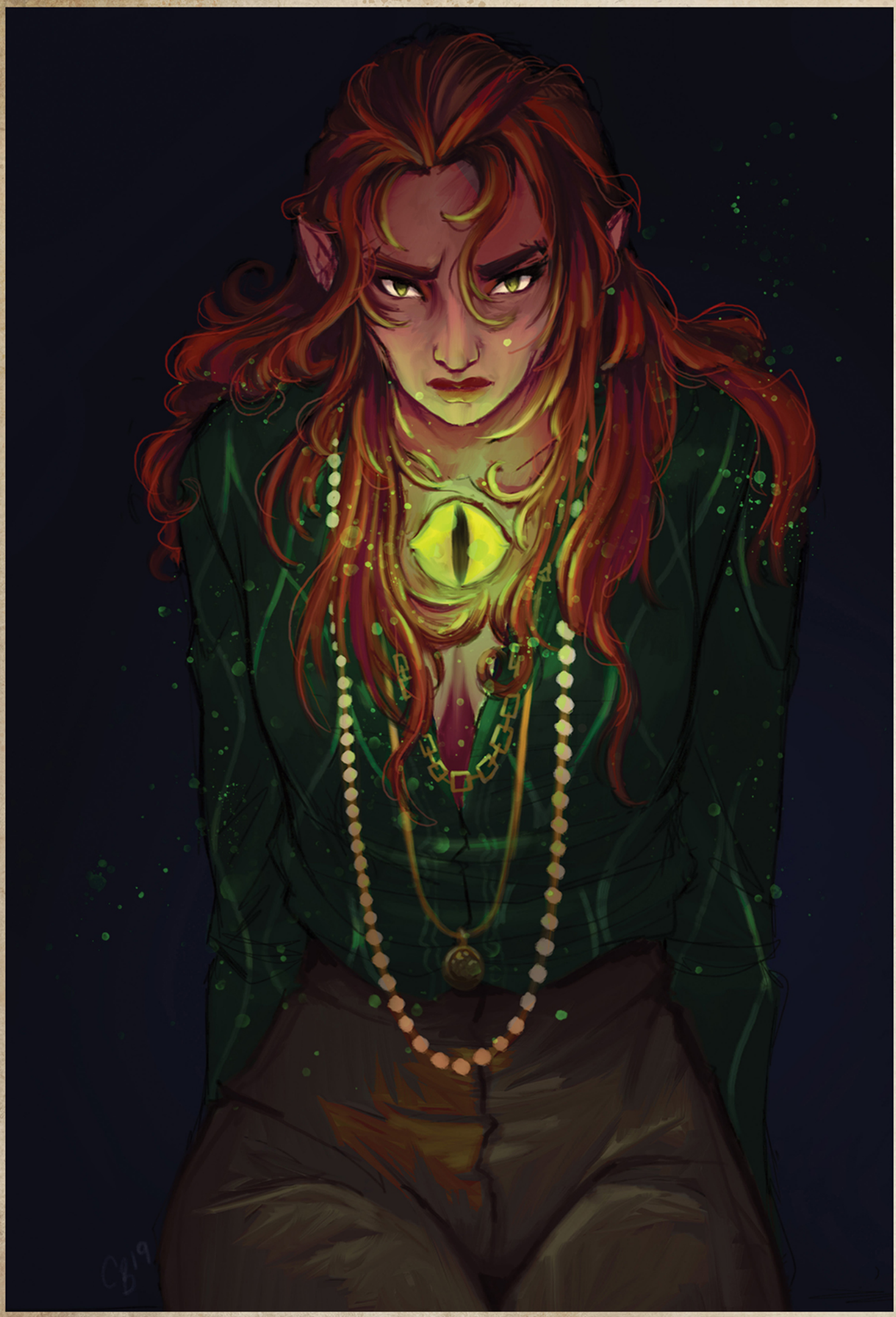

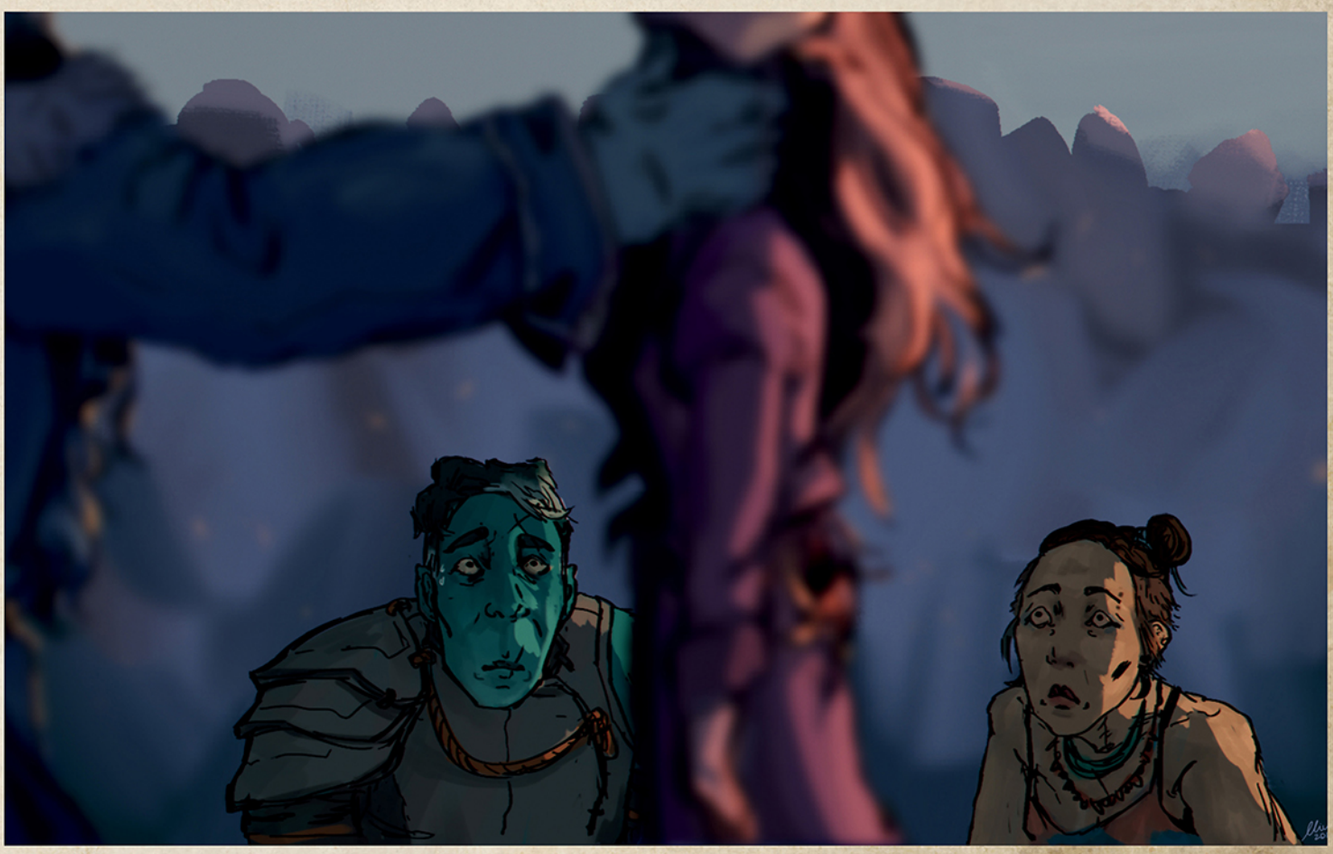

WESLEY GRIFFITH '19

Impressions of Fjord

1. Uk'otoa: A creature of the Cloaked Serpent, left after the Calamity to rule the Lucidian Ocean in the deity's stead.

2. Beau's later notes indicate that these dreams were the ways in which Fjord's patron, Uk'otoa, would communicate with him. Fjord seems to have been a warlock, and his falchion was the key to his powers.

3. Beauregard is referring of course to the Soltryce Academy of Magical Studies in Rexxentrum. As you can imagine, the academy has politely declined to assist in contributing to the compilation of this volume.

4. These sort of warlock "weapon pacts" are commonly associated with beings whose reach into our realm is limited.

5. Fjord assumed command of the ship the *Mistake*, previously the *Mist*.

6. This is in reference to a disastrous fact-finding mission that ended with the Mighty Nein forced to flee the city.

Like most of this motley crew, Fjord's past is a series of contradictions, half-truths, and outright misrepresentations. We did find records of his childhood as a ward of the Driftwood Asylum, and his name did appear on the final crew manifest for the *Tide's Breath* before it vanished at sea. Beyond that, very little can be confirmed. Despite the troubling gaps in our knowledge, we can infer that Fjord took up the mantle of leadership early on. While the Mighty Nein never designated a de facto leader, Fjord was most often pushed into that position, even after his kidnapping and especially once the group were on the open seas. –*CS*

"Out of everyone, I'd say Fjord's probably the most put together. But to be fair, that's not saying much. Even though he's on the smallish side for a half-orc, he certainly has a presence about him. His rugged charm and weirdo magic have already come in handy. He's the one who managed to get me out of jail, so that alone is worth his below-average weight in gold." –*BL*

But it's Fjord's connection with the leviathan Uk'otoa[1] and his increasing willingness to strengthen that bond that, despite all of his finer qualities, made him one of the most obvious risks to the well-being of the Mighty Nine. –*CS*

"Weird morning. Fjord woke up coughing seawater, saying he had a strange dream[2]. In my experience, dreams don't make you puke ocean, and I noticed that his falchion was wet when he was fighting the other day. Apparently that's why he wants to go to the Soltryce Academy[3], so they can tell him more about his new abilities. He's able to summon his falchion out of thin air[4], but you can't just get magic out of nowhere... Gonna keep an eye on him. I don't know how much I trust his story." –*BL*

"We've been on the sea a couple days now, and have all taken on new pirate personas. Fjord has switched to the moniker Captain Tusktooth[5], and he's been training me as his first mate. We talked about what happened on the docks at Nicodranas[6]. It didn't sit right with either of us, how poorly that whole thing went. Fjord especially seems unnerved by the actions he's taken now that he has magic powers. We decided to keep tabs on each other, and try to keep each other in check from being too asshole-ish. Here's hoping." –*BL*

"He did it. He actually fucking did it. Now Fjord's got his own special water power courtesy of Uk'otoa. But now he wants to go after the last orb, so that he can keep it safe. I think it's more about finding the last traces of his old captain, Vandran. None of us actually want to release this weird god or whatever it is, but I'm worried that Fjord's desire to find this power and his mentor may have lead to a lot more shit than he's willing or able to handle." –*BL*

We've received further correspondence from Beauregard regarding the Fjord situation:

"Back on dry land in Nicodranas. Fjord seems to have turned away from Uk'otoa for the time being. I think we've bought some time until our next trip to sea. I'll keep you updated, but hopefully this will stick. I'll send you a more detailed report soon. He seems pretty shook from the whole experience." – BL

eric_grimoire

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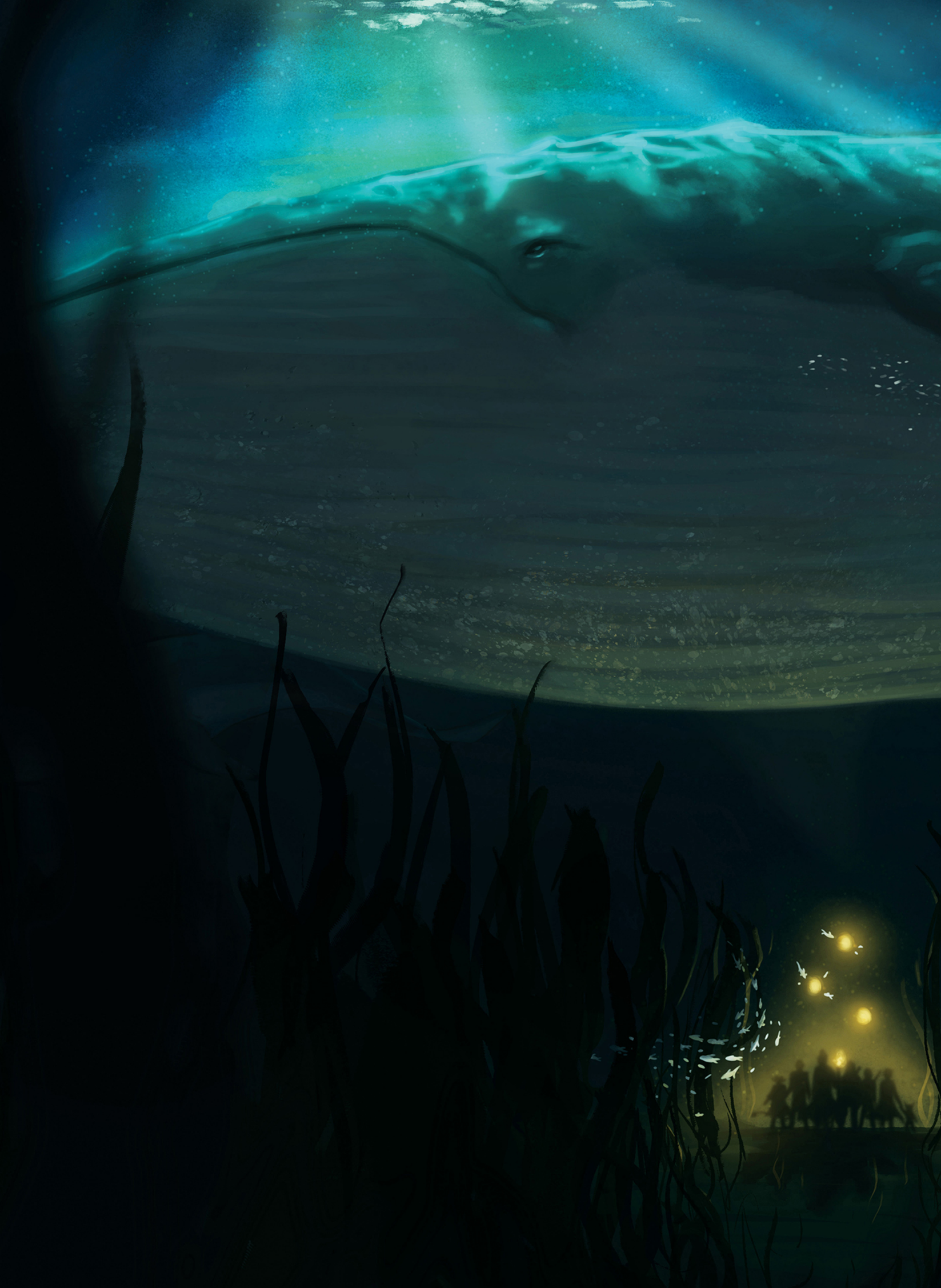
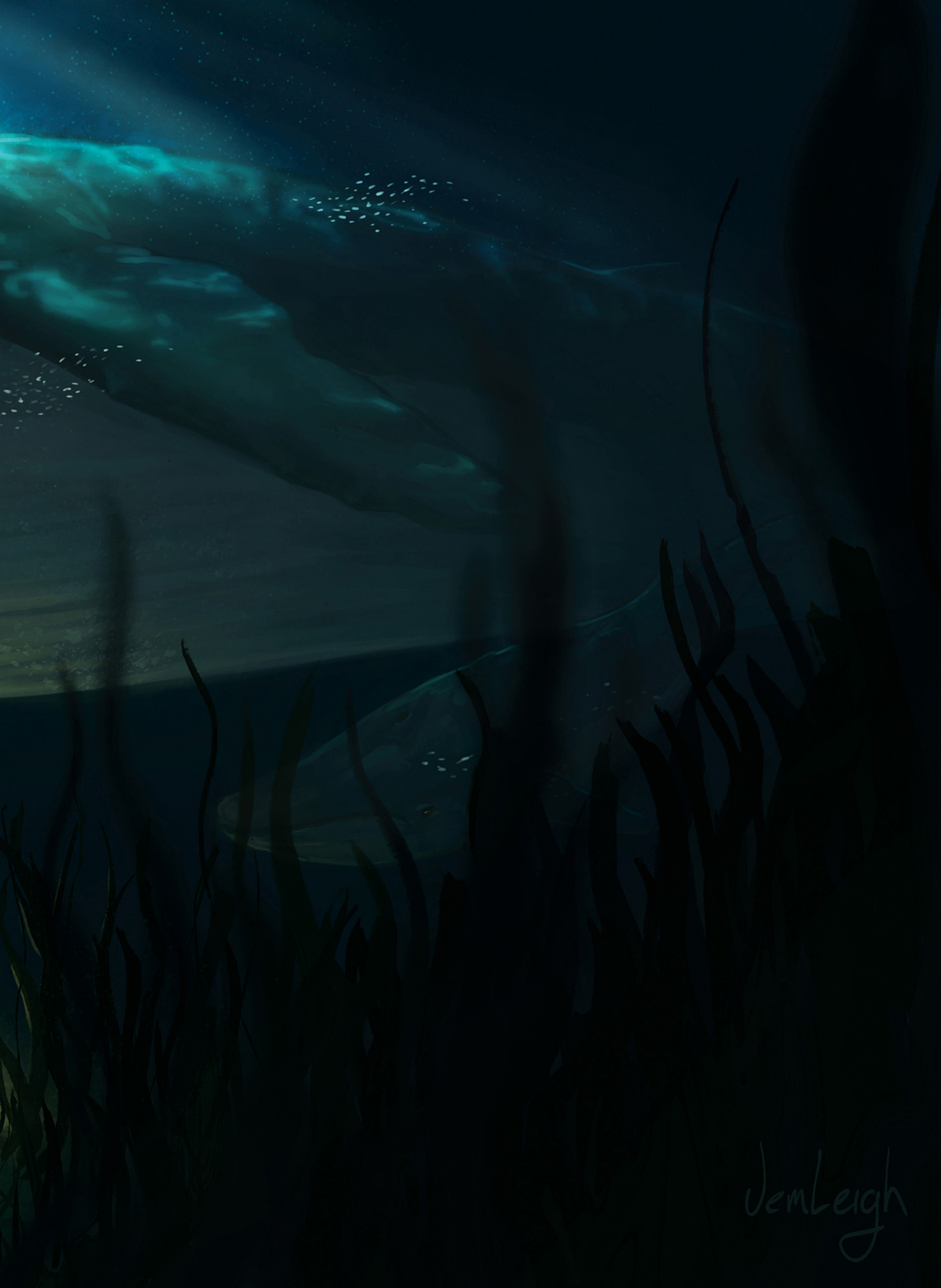



JemLeigh

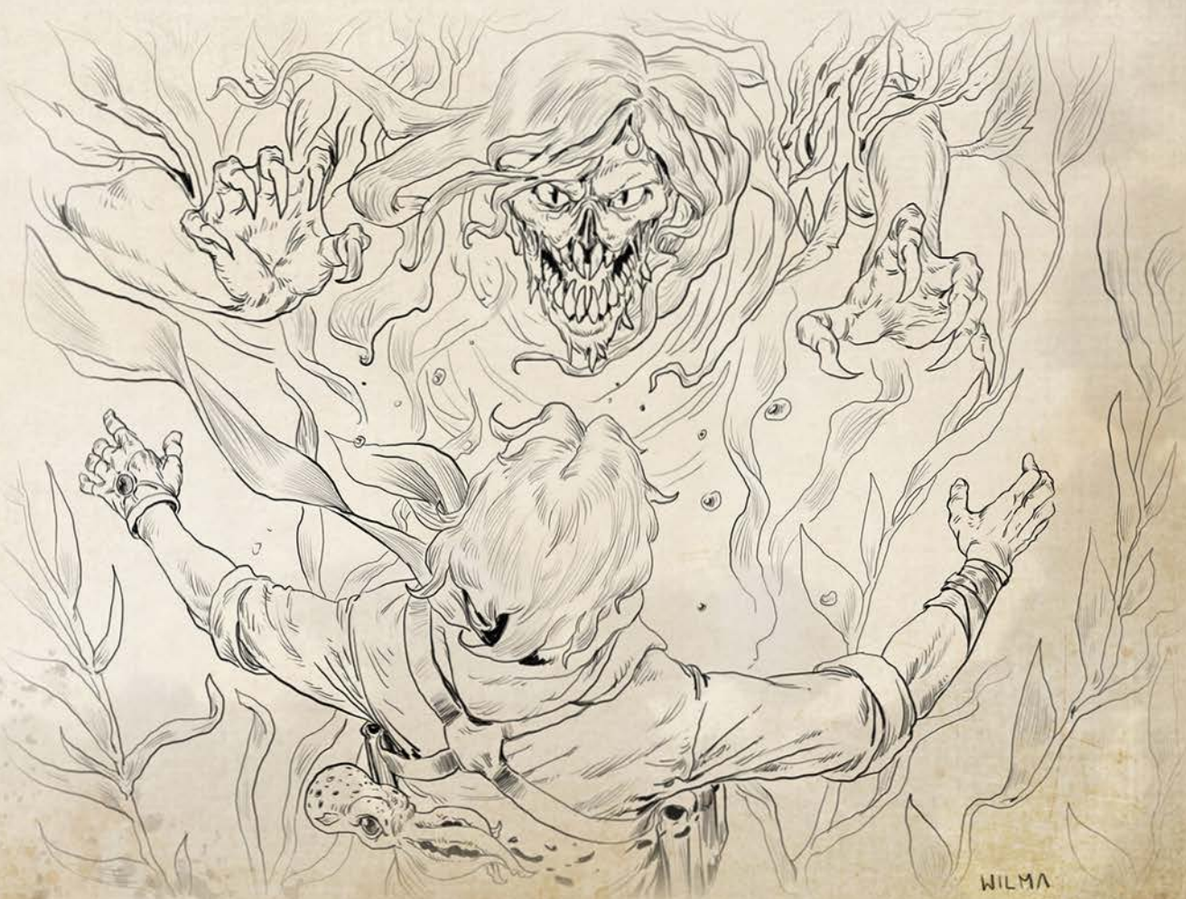
Dashilla

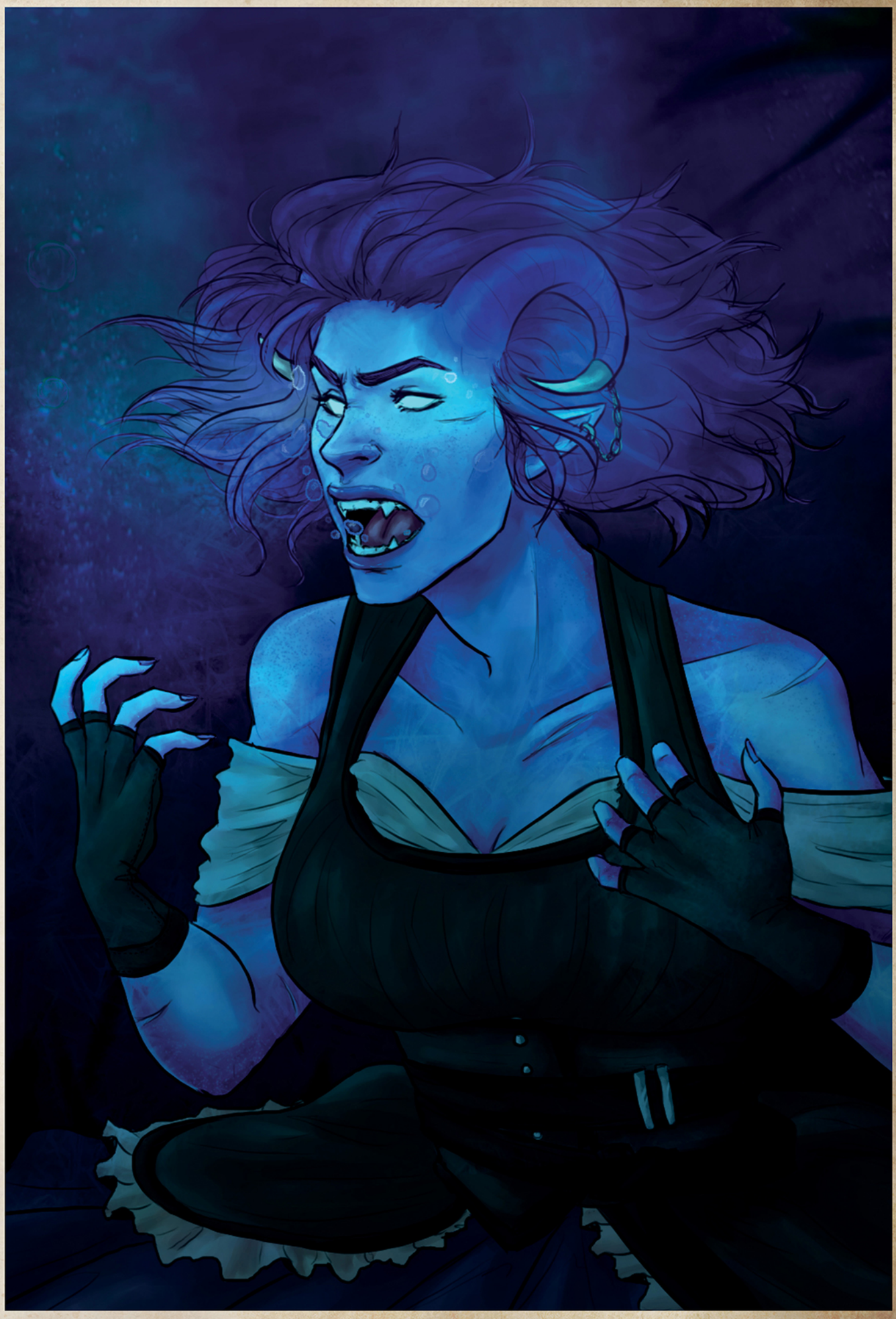
Where once the waters rolled calmly by,
Where ocean's heart did sing,
There stalked a lass with a hungry eye,
And claws that grasp and wring.

With lantern lure of a glimmer pot,
With treasure in their eyes,
Below they swam to the gold they thought
Would be at their as their prize.

Yet each of them met to surely die,
Their graves to not be found,
For Dashilla and her hungry eye
Collects the lost and drowned.

Dashilla, As sung by Sorris Cade of Darktow





Impressions of Twiggy

1. This is Beauregard's first mention of the Halas Sphere, an extradimensional pocket space housed inside of a clockwork ball. As noted in these entries, the ball possesses the ability to produce coin, provide quick access to belongings, and even transport those in a room into the very home of Halas. After use, the ball resets, making it impossible to replicate a person's previous experience.

2. Likely the Exalted Collection Auction House.

3. Halas is an extremely powerful wizard. He's been missing for many years, since before the creation of the Divine Gate in the Age of Arcanum.

4. A young chromatic dragon being kept as security is not unheard of, but this is still highly irregular.

*Do we have any information on this Sir Catagan? –Z

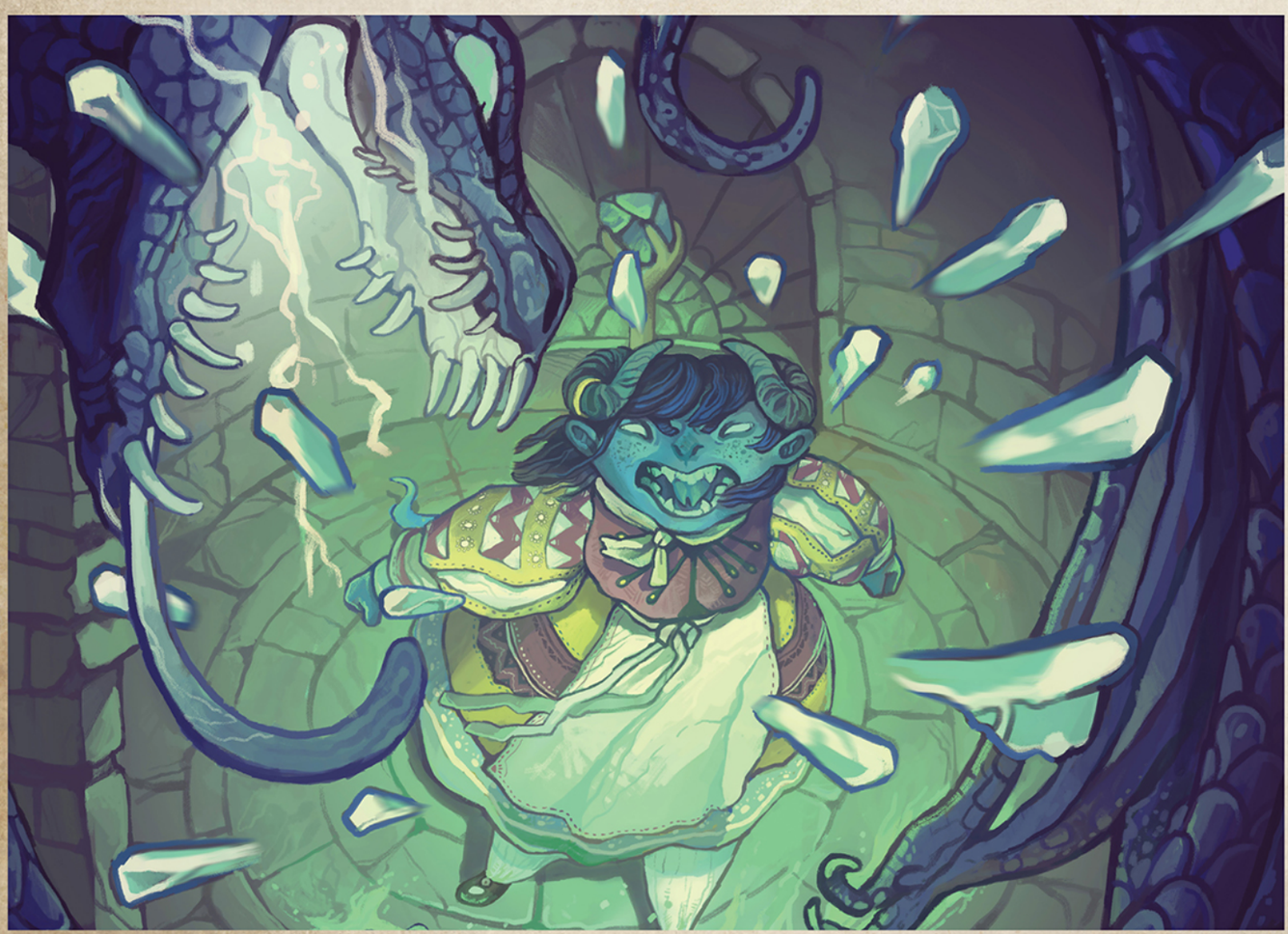
"This time we managed to pick up a stray without even going anywhere! We've got a stowaway, a gnome girl named Twiggy. She's a kid and she's been living below deck in the cargo hold for about a week, subsisting on chocolate. She has illusion magic, which I do not trust one bit. She's somehow bubblier and more energetic than even Jester, and brought along a pet squirrel named Trixie and a magic clockwork ball that deposits coins. Jester and Nott are captivated by the kid, Caleb by the ball, and the rest of us are just extremely concerned about having a literal child on board this ship." –BL

"Twiggy claims to have found this ball, the Happy Fun Ball of Tricks[1], in an auction house or something in Port Damali[2]. She stole it because she didn't want a "bad guy" to have it. Said bad guy is named Sir Catagan,* and he apparently kept her locked up in a cage. Twiggy used her illusion magic to escape. What is it with everyone being kept in cages? Anyway, the people she stole the ball from have been chasing her, so she's been stowing away on ships trying to escape them as best she can. So she's both a stray *and* a liability. Great." –BL

"Well that was a fuckin' lot. So this ball that Twiggy brought with her, the Happy Fun Ball? Caleb kept fucking around with it, trying to figure out how it worked, and it transported us all to some sort of mansion in a pocket dimension. We found a cloak with the symbol of Halas[3] on it, and a library with a ton of spellbooks. It had its fair share of traps, like a hallway of murder doors and a mimic in a cabinet, along with a stained glass window that had a transportation spell in it. Fjord activated it by touch and got taken to a huge room with a fucking blue dragon[4] inside. Jester and I paid attention to the window and got pulled in after him, with everybody else eventually showing up to help Fjord out. Twiggy tried turning herself into the guy, Halas, which was actually pretty clever except that she was about four feet tall. We fought the dragon, and I found us a way out, but when I activated it, I accidentally teleported only myself. That was the worst few minutes of my life, waiting back on the ~~Squall~~ *Ball Eater* for the rest of them to come out of the ball. Thankfully they all did, with Twiggy last, claiming that she killed the dragon. I actually believe her. As hyper and excitable as she was, she didn't seem to be making that up. Plus Caduceus believes her. The crew told us that we'd been stuck in that ball for a week, and we've just arrived on Bisaft Isle. Twiggy let us keep the Happy Fun Ball, and left with a smile and a wave. Honestly, I kind of warmed up to her after all that. As hard as it is to believe, cuteness isn't a crime. I'm not gonna miss her though." –BL

We've attempted to scry on the current whereabouts of the Halas Sphere are unknown. - Z

GALACTICJONAH



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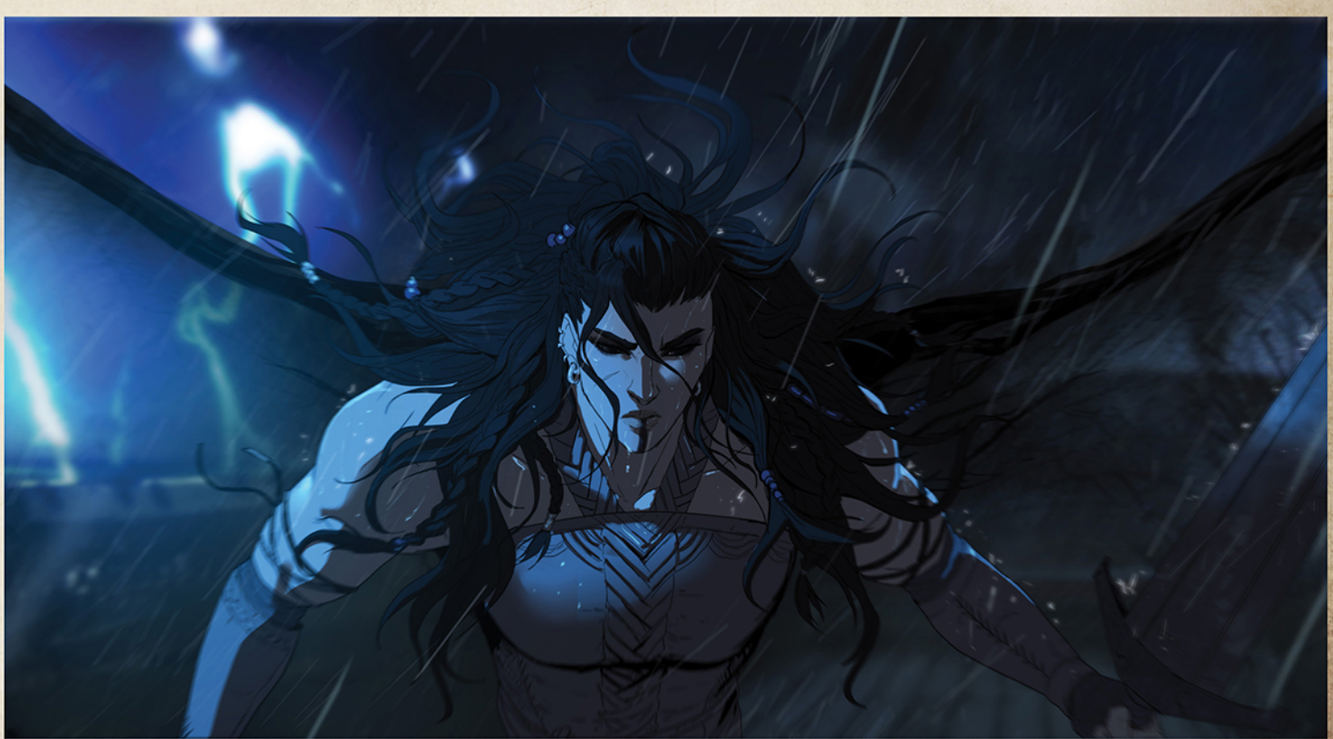


Impressions of Yasha

Yasha was Beauregard's most enigmatic companion, and was apt to come and go for reasons that were never fully explored within the journal currently in our possession. For now, we feel these excerpts give us a glimpse of who Yasha is to the Mighty Nein, and offer some insight into the life and habits of the nomads who roam the wilder parts of Xhorhas. –CS

"It's difficult to capture Yasha in words and notations. She's full of vague comments and mysterious disappearances, but much more layered than a first glance would ever let you believe. On one hand, the barbarian is pretty ~~cute and dr~~ cut and dried: being from the swamps of Xhorhas, she's got this whole 'cold rage' thing going on. But then she turns to tend to her pressed flower collection. She worships the Stormlord to the point of zealotry, but her best friend is Mollymauk, the most flamboyant person the known world has ever seen. For someone dressed in greys who carries herself like a dark cloud, Yasha sure seems drawn to color and light. I wonder where it stems from." –BL

"So apparently Yasha has wings[1] and can speak Celestial? So can Caleb, but that's a whole other bag. We were fighting a raiding party and Yasha just unfurled these fucking terrifying skeletal[2] wings, and her hair and eyes turned completely black. It was dope as hell* but when confronted about it, Yasha didn't have a lot of answers." –BL

"Of all the people I didn't want to see deal with Molly's death, Yasha was at the top of the list. She said something odd when she saw his grave. "It happened again." Again? What happened before? Something about Molly? Or did she lose someone else? And now she's gone again[3], following the storm and mourning, I suppose, in her own way. I hope she keeps her promise to come back. We're splintered enough as it is." –BL

"We ran into Yasha, once again out of nowhere. First the bathhouse, now the bar in Nicodranas. Nott and I both have our suspicions, but I buy 'guided by the gods' before I buy fate. Either way, it's nice having her around again." –BL

"A huge storm whipped up once we left Nicodranas, and a lightning bolt struck the deck. It formed a ball and Yasha started talking to it, then fighting it, until she finally destroyed it. She said it looked like a man made of lightning. Jester and Clay took care of her while I was distracted, wondering if that was some sort of test from her god. Stormlord, giant storm, lightning creature[4]. If so, why did it want her dead? Mystery after mystery with this one." –BL

1. Wings are common among Aasimars, as is knowledge of the Celestial language. Odd that Yasha either doesn't know this part of her heritage, or chooses to feign ignorance.

2. Skeletal wings are less common than those of flesh and blood. Often times this appearance means that the Aasimar in question has been exposed to some sort of malevolent force or influence. Since Yasha is from corrupted badlands of Xhorhas, this is a likely explanation.

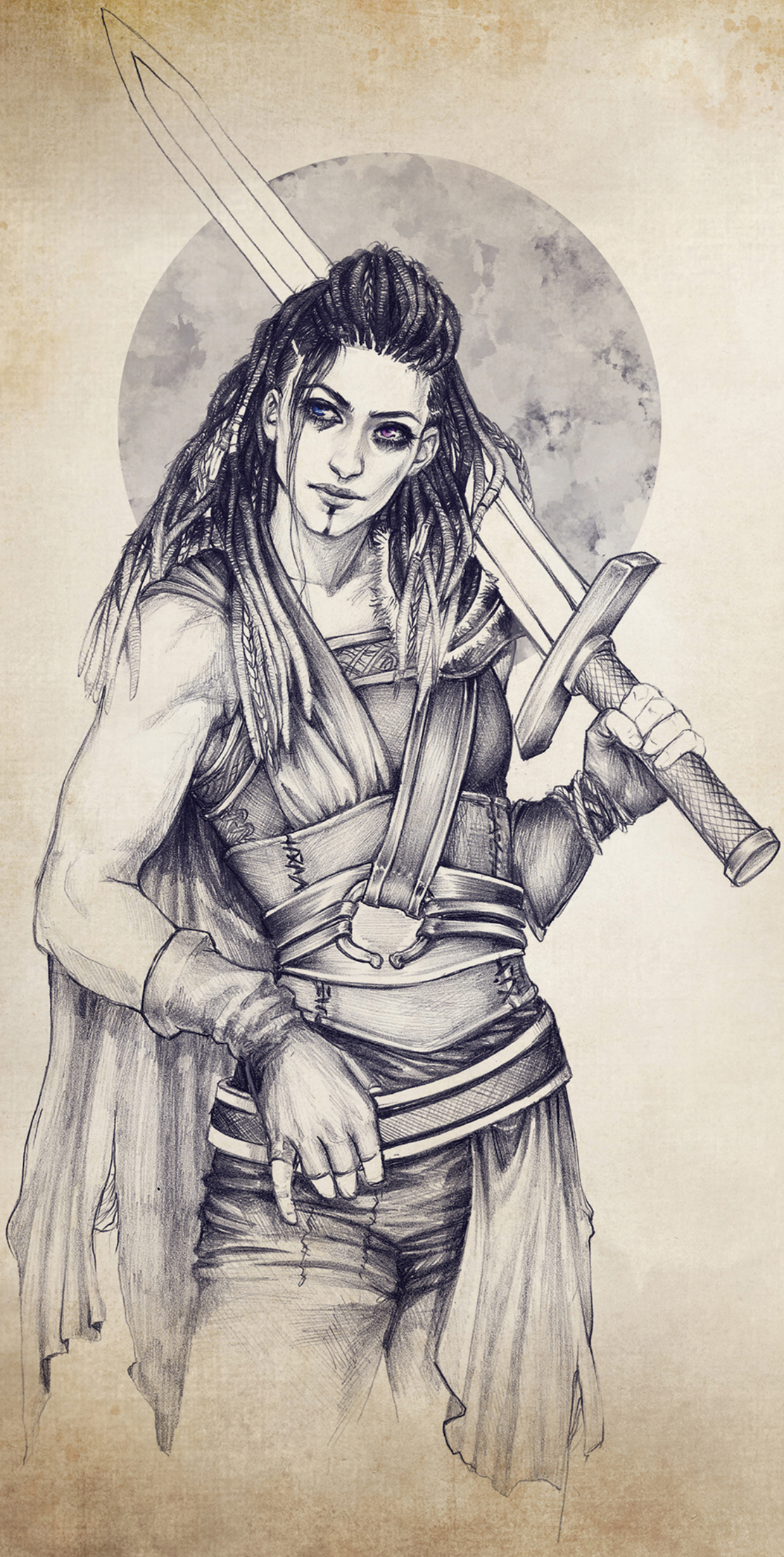
3. It is worth noting that Yasha was prone to bouts of wanderlust even back when she was traveling with the circus.

4. It is not uncommon for disciples of the Stormlord to be asked to prove themselves through acts of physical, mental, or spiritual exertion.

I am assured by younger members of the library staff that this is a colloquialism for 'intense and dramatic in a good way.'

If this is the sort of slipshod work that passes for research in Tal'dorei, then I fear for the Archive. I expect we will be whipping you all into shape before your next assignment. No further notes for this draft.

– Archivist Zeenoth



KASIA
BRZE
ZIŃSKA

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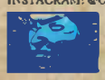
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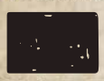
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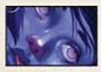
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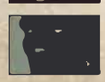
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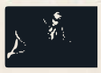
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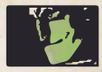
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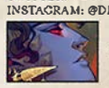
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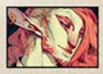
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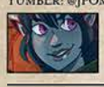
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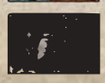
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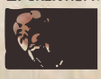
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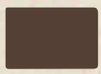
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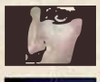
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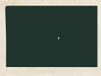
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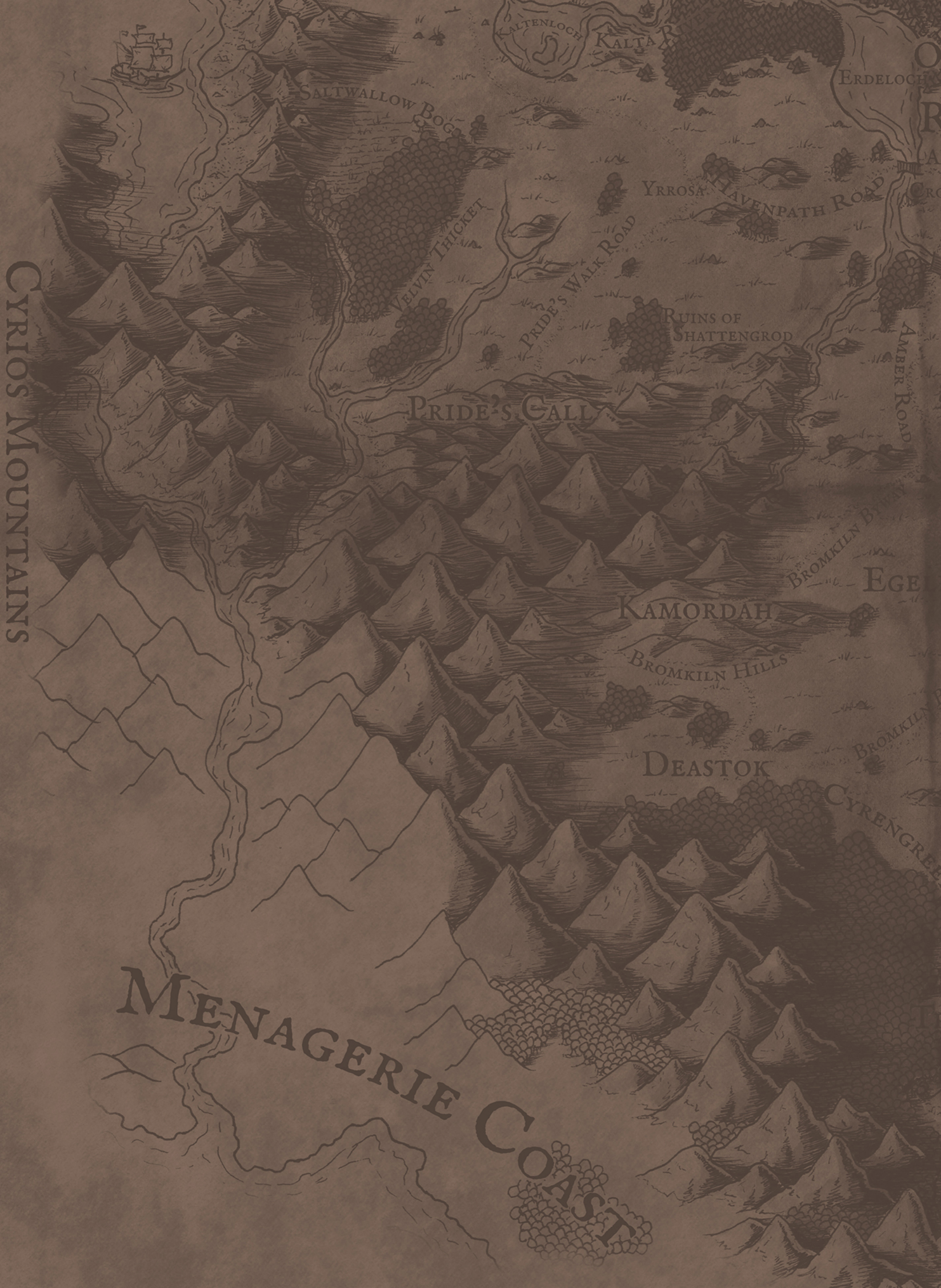
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